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CDC June 16, 1966 35¢

OLD REALITIES AND NEW MYTHS

THE REPORTER

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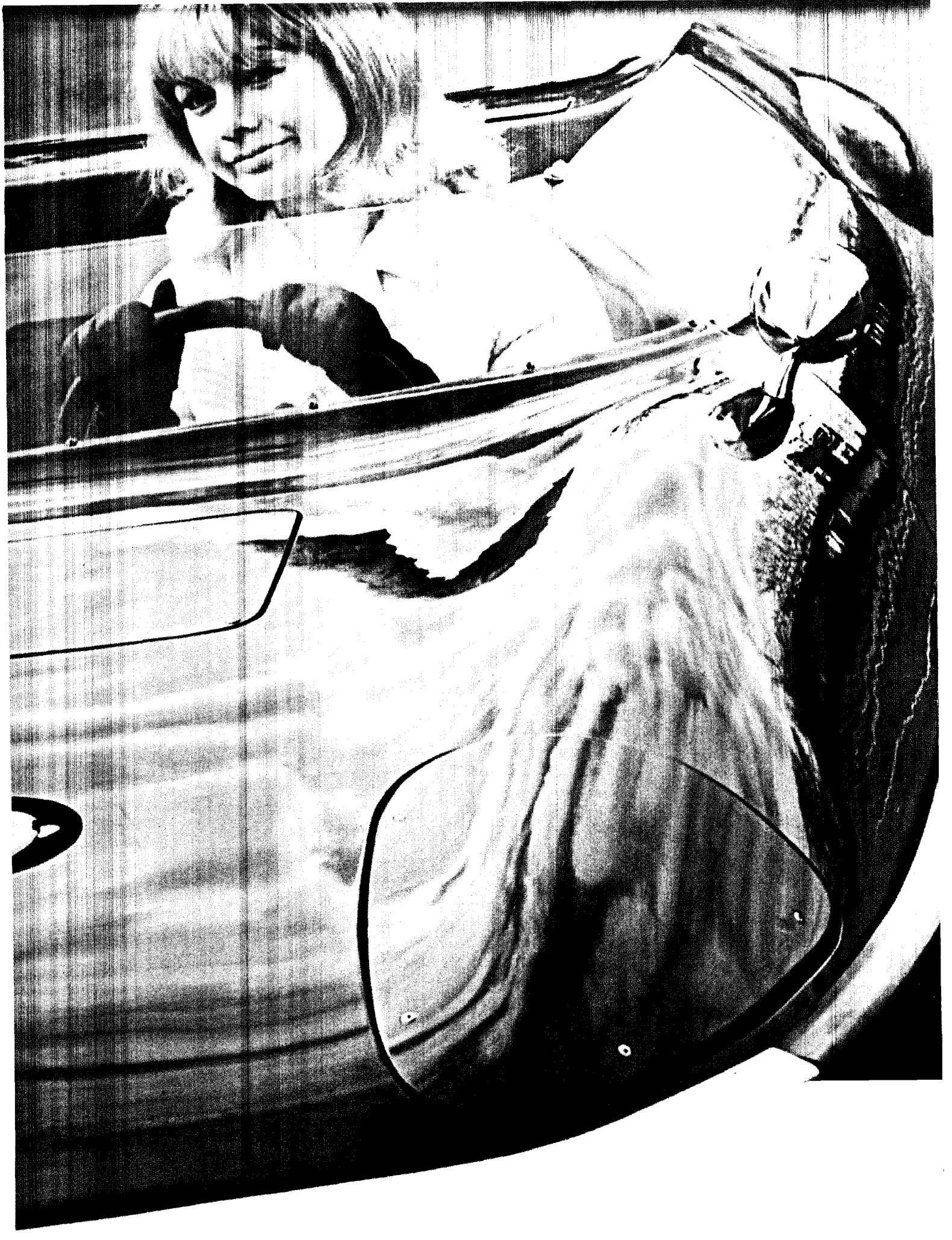

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Also, golf club heads that will last a lifetime. Chrome plated fixtures that won't peel or rust. Luggage that's immune to handling. Nonshattering heels for ladies' shoes. Crack-resistant appliance cases. All made of an incredibly tough material called Cycolac® ABS plastic. Which in turn is made by the great engineers of Borg-Warner's Marbon Chemical Division. Here's the story.

REMEMBER THE DAYS when plastics had kind of a bad name around the house? You'd buy something, bring it home, and before too long it'd be chipped or broken?

Well, those days are gone forever. And plastics like Marbon Chemical's Cycolac brand of ABS (which stands for acrylonitrile-butadiene-styrene) had a lot to do with it.

Take the car on the left, for instance. Actually, it's a racing car and its whole body is made of Cycolac plastic. Twice, it was run into in competition. Once it ran off the track into a dirt embankment. Another time it didn't quite make a curve—ran into a swamp, mowed down three willow trees and a sturdy maple sapling. The worst that happened to the Cycolac body in any of these mishaps was a three-quarter-inch gash in the rear.

Unfortunately, you can't buy cars with bodies made out of Cycolac plastic—yet. But even so, you own and use a lot more of it than you might think.

Cycolac plastic is all around your house. Your colored telephone is probably made of it. So are portable hairdryers. Electric toothbrush cases. Vacuum cleaners. Radios. TVs. Maybe even that big rocking horse you gave your little boy for Christmas.

Cycolac plastic is no stranger to your office either. Look at your secretary's shoes. Chances are her high heels are made of it. And that goes for portable typewriters, adding machines and photocopying machines, too. All sorts of office equipment that has to take a beating day in and day out.

Even when you take a day off from home or office you probably take along a little Cycolac plastic. You take it on the golf course with you. It's in your "woodless woods." You take it fishing with you. It's in your reels, lures and tackle box. It even rides along with you in your car. Consoles, arm rests, dashboards and locking knobs are all made of it.

As you can see, Cycolac plastic is beginning to steal a lot of metal's thunder. And why not? It weighs only about one-sixth as much as metal. It can be made in 10,000 different colors. It can be plated. It won't rust or corrode. And it lasts and lasts and lasts.

Small wonder the great engineers at Marbon Chemical are so proud of Cycolac plastic. And that more and more people are thinking up more and more ways to use it. But not *really* so small a wonder when you consider this new plastic's remarkable mettle.

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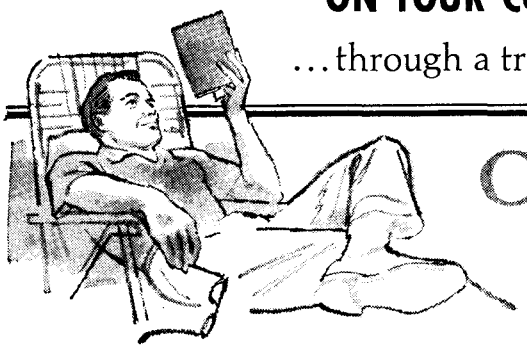

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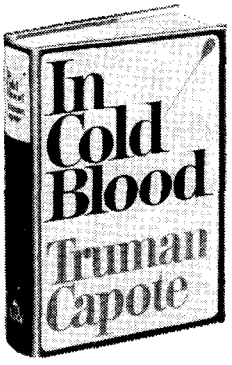

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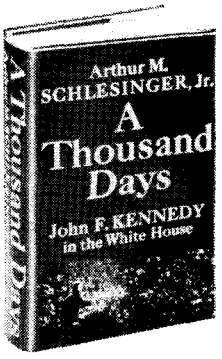

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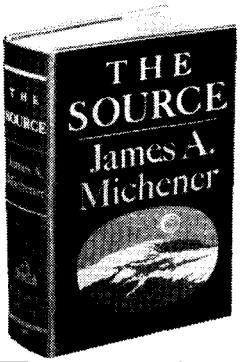

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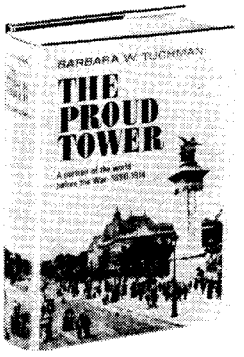

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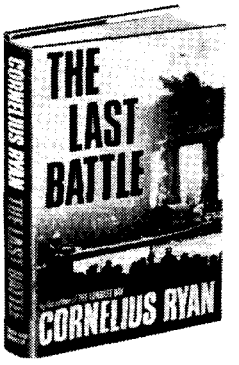

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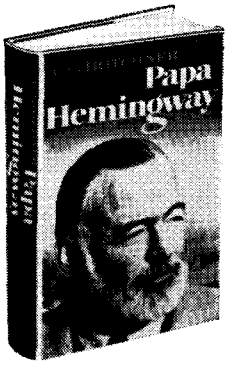

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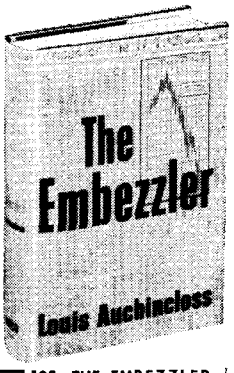

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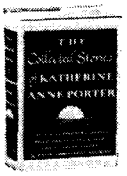

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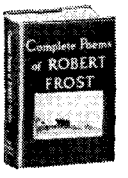

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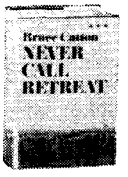

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

SECRETARY MCNAMARA has proved to be on many accounts a remarkable man whose success in establishing a position of pre-eminence under two Presidents and in imposing his will on that mastodonic entity, the Pentagon is astounding. It was always known that he is a thinker and his forcefulness has manifested itself in speeches and appearances before Congressional committees. Recently two of his addresses, one in Montreal, the other in Pittsburgh, have been the object of a universal acclaim that **Max Ascoli** unfortunately finds it impossible to join.

Ever since the Civil War, when a conscript could hire another to go in his place, there have been complaints about the inequities of our system of military service and recruitment. Certainly the present system is not entirely satisfactory to many thousands of Americans, from draft-card burners to the Secretary of Defense himself, and an increasingly heated debate centers on how to revise the Selective Service System to make it fairer without hurting our defense requirements. **Bruce K. Chapman,** a former editorial writer on the New York *Herald Tribune,* gives a critical analysis of the major proposals for reform or abolition of the draft.

SENATOR FULBRIGHT said recently that he is "beginning to despair of having [his] ideas accurately conveyed through the press." This lament has been raised rather late in a distinguished career that has always benefited from a good press, and we therefore wonder whether the press or the Senator is to blame. Did Fulbright say what he meant, or mean what he said in his widely publicized Johns Hopkins lecture "The Arrogance of Power"? **Henry Fairlie,** a British journalist who reports on American politics and society from Washington, takes Fulbright to task for his use of analogy and misuse of history. . . . **Denis Warner** draws on his long experience in South Vietnam to describe the rivalry among Buddhist leaders involved in the present crisis there. . . . Voters in Virginia are for once going to get a real choice in the state's Democratic primary this July. To be sure, a Byrd will be running, but according to **John I. Brooks,** Washington correspondent of the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot,* the long-entrenched political machine of former Senator Harry F. Byrd, Sr., is at last facing stiff competition. . . . The Ivory Coast is a small West African nation that doesn't make headlines because it is prospering, is not rabidly racist or nationalist, and has a President who wants to keep it that way. **Claire Sterling** visited the country on a recent reporting trip. . . . **H. G. Nicholas,** chairman of the Social Studies Board at Oxford and a Fellow of New College there, discusses the wide variety of Oxford's problems studied by the Franks Commission and reflected in its recommendations for change at that ancient university.

OUR SHORT STORY is about murder most foul. **Daniel Gordon** has written a novel, *A Likely Story,* published by Pantheon. . . . **Nancy Price** teaches at the State College of Iowa. . . . **Jay Jacobs** discusses one of the most recent trends in sculpture in terms of an exhibition currently at New York's Jewish Museum. . . . **Roland Gelatt,** editor in chief of *High Fidelity,* submits what he terms a minority report on Verdi's *Don Carlo,* an opera he regards as more of a stepping-stone to later greatness than as a complete achievement in itself. . . . There was an uproar in England over the publication of Lord Moran's diaries dealing with the grandly lived life and sadly prolonged death of Winston Churchill. Within the medical profession itself opinion was sharply divided: the *Lancet* called it a breach of a confidential relationship; the *British Medical Journal,* on the other hand, called it a "valuable contribution to the history of our times." **Richard Mayne** is working at a book on the history of Europe since the Second World War. His *The Community of Europe* was published by Norton. . . . **Sarel Eimerl** is an English free-lance writer living in San Francisco.

Our cover, an impression of a Senate committee in action, is by **Paul Arlt.**

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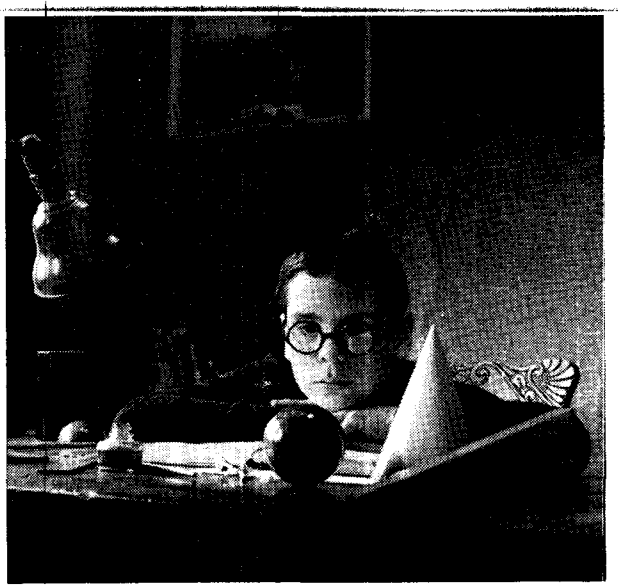

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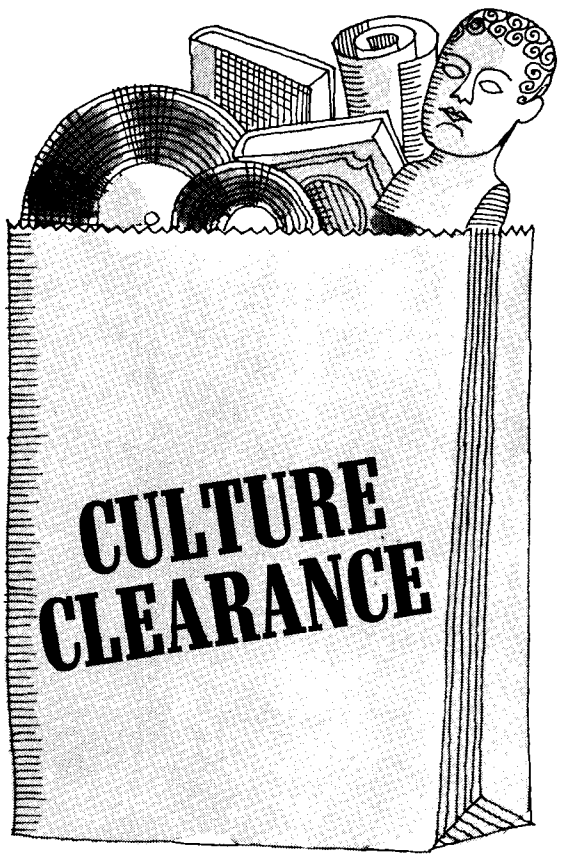

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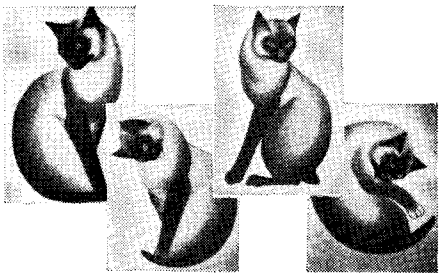

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CORRESPONDENCE

MOBILIZATION

To the Editor: "The Case for Mobilization," by Hanson W. Baldwin (*The Reporter*, May 19), is the most concise, precise, and thought-provoking article on this subject which I have read.

I wonder, however, if he and your readers are aware of other facets of this matter of mobilization, including the fact that the majority of dedicated, patriotic, sincere non-active duty Reservists and National Guardsmen, limited to only a few drill weeks annually, are generally only *partly* trained. In my opinion, a better source of experienced military personnel for call-up for mobilization would be the tens of thousands of commissioned officers, Reservists on extended active duty, who for reasons of economy were forced to retire after only twenty to twenty-one years of active duty.

Most of us have clean records and are in excellent health; most of us have never received "promotion passovers" and did everything possible to remain on active duty longer. The reasoning for our dismissal proved fallacious: many Regulars retired voluntarily at twenty years; many junior officers (captains and lieutenants) resign or request release from duty at the three-to-eight-year point. As a result, the armed forces have got themselves into a corner by the shortsighted early-retirement policies.

I sincerely believe that if the armed forces were to offer voluntary recall for three to eight years to us involuntarily retired officers who are under fifty-six, in good health, and retired since 1961, at least five per cent of us would accept immediately.

BEN Z. GERSHATER
Major, USAF-Ret.
Alexandria, Virginia

To the Editor: Mr. Baldwin concedes that some Reserve units are not fully equipped. I have observed, from service in three different Reserve units within the past year and from talking with other Reservists, that the Reserve units are not only generally underequipped; they are often supplied with obsolete, not to say unserviceable, material. They are also, by and large, understrength and poorly trained. The only possible exceptions to these conditions are the ten or so divisions placed in an advanced-readiness category and doing an increased number of drills per month.

HENRY J. ANNA
Syracuse

To the Editor: Hanson Baldwin writes that thousands of Vietnamese are used to unload ships at Danang, Vungtau, Cam Ranh Bay, and Saigon. On the basis of three voyages to the various ports within the past two years, I must take issue with the statement.

Military cargo to Danang is handled by Seabee stevedoring teams and they do an excellent job. Cargo destined for civilian consignees at that port is handled by civilian stevedores, and that, of course, includes AID cargoes. A strike of Vietnamese stevedores in Danang would have no effect on the movement of military cargo. At Cam Ranh Bay the stevedore units are made up of U.S. Army men. On the whole, I would say that Saigon is the only port in South Vietnam where our logistics effort depends heavily on local labor.

A. E. AYOTTE
Miami

NIGERIA

To the Editor: Claire Sterling ("Can Nigeria Catch Up with Its Reputation?," *The Reporter*, May 19) has concluded that the recent army revolt in Nigeria was not an Ibo plot to strike at the Hausas but "a much broader and more patriotic affair." That conclusion is not supported by her subsequent observation that while the rebel officers spared the Ibo Eastern Premier, "they did murder an even more exalted Ibo leader, the spectacularly corrupt federal Finance Minister Festus Okotie-Eboh." Chief Samuel Festus Okotie-Eboh was neither an Ibo nor an Ibophile and he was ofttimes at loggerheads with the Ibo leadership of his party. The murder of a corrupt federal minister may constitute *prima facie* evidence of patriotic motive. It does not, however, support Mrs. Sterling's implication that the rebel officers were scrupulously pan-tribal in constructing their death list.

ALVIN MAGID
Assistant Professor
University of Kentucky
Lexington

TAXES

To the Editor: William R. Frye's account of his "ordeal" with the Internal Revenue Service, in your May 5 issue ("The Tax-Appeal Ordeal"), has touched a nerve in his description of the tax audit he received at our hands and we certainly intend, therefore, to look into the matter. My predecessors and I have pointed out again and again that the purpose of an audit is to determine the correct tax, not a penny more nor a penny less.

Unfortunately, Mr. Frye's article appears to be based on conversations with one agent and two tax accountants. These hardly seem representative of the attitudes of 14,000 agents and some 80,000 tax practitioners. Our efforts to reach the right answers and the proper tax are more realistically indicated by a few statistics. Last year, out of sixty-six million individual income tax returns, only about 5 per cent were selected for audit examination. Of the 3.1 million examined, 1.4 million or forty-five per cent were either accepted with no change or the taxpayer's liability was reduced because we corrected errors he had made against himself. This latter aspect resulted in refunds of

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$47.1 million which had been overpaid by these taxpayers.

I think these statistics indicate that the IRS gives as well as takes, depending on the facts in each case.

You may be interested to know I intend to circulate Mr. Frye's piece to our 12,000 Revenue Agents so that they can get a graphic picture of how an audit can look through a taxpayer's eyes. To the extent Mr. Frye's account alerts our people to the consequences of appearing to depart from this goal, it will serve a real need, and for this we are grateful.

SHELDON S. COHEN, Commissioner
Internal Revenue Service

CHINA

To the Editor: If Communist China's doctrine of world revolution is invalid, then so is "A Soviet Critique of China's 'Total Strategy'" summarized by Raymond L. Garthoff (*The Reporter*, May 19).

First, it is ridiculous for the Soviets to cite the British conquest of India and the defeat of China by Japan in 1895 to refute the Maoist strategy of "protracted war." Central to Mao's strategy is the political consciousness of the people in the underdeveloped world and the intensive organization of the people by professional revolutionists. No such thing was possible either in China or India in the nineteenth century.

Second, the Maoist strategy also takes the state, psychological or otherwise, of the opponent into account. Very likely Mao believes (or hopes) that he can exploit to his advantage whatever differences exist among the western allies or within the U.S. itself. Whether this thought of Mao's is naïve, only history can tell. Third, in the ideal situation of Mao's strategy, revolution is not to be confined to one area like South Vietnam at a time. Instead, revolutions are to break out simultaneously in all the underdeveloped world. The U.S. then is forced to defend certain key areas at the expense of others. If the United States chooses to adopt George F. Kennan's view of "vital interest," then Peking's strategy may prove to be workable.

Fourth, the weakness of the Maoist strategy is not its underestimating of "material forces," as the Soviets contend. On the contrary Mao is wrong on the very problem of politics and ideology in the Afro-Asian world . . . due to Peking's misunderstanding of the true and pragmatic intention of some Asian and African nations' initial cordial relationship with Peking.

It is inconceivable that the Soviets do not know the true meaning of the Maoist strategy. The critique in *Military Thought* is merely counter-propaganda and reveals nothing about the substance of Peking's doctrine.

ALAN P. L. LIU
Center for International Studies
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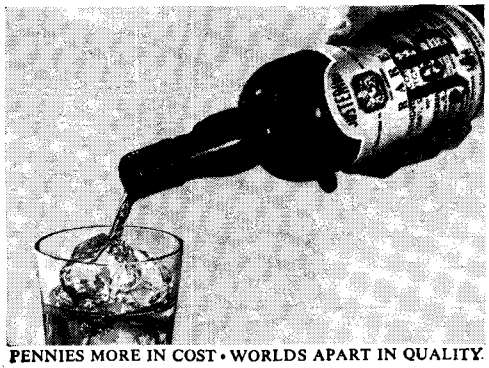

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Protesting Too Much?

In the maze of corridors that wind through Washington's rambling Sheraton Park Hotel, the more militant of the 2,500 delegates to the White House Conference "To Fulfill These Rights" made no secret of their displeasure at being used, as many of them put it, by the President. Lyndon Johnson, who had underestimated the strength of some of the same protesters in Atlantic City in the summer of 1964, was taking fewer chances two years later. The recent civil-rights conference had been planned down to the smallest detail with a view to avoiding unpleasant surprises—demonstrations, verbal violence, a condemnation of the administration's policies in Vietnam. Not that the planning had been limited to parliamentary and procedural arrangements inimical to the would-be protesters: it also included publication shortly before the conference of a series of recommendations for action by the conference's thirty-member Council that went far beyond any civil-rights legislation that has been contemplated before.

Even so, the disarming of the militants was a result of more than President Johnson's well-laid plans; the tactical errors and general disorganization of those civil-rights groups and leaders who were set to demonstrate some of their differences with the administration also had a good deal to do with it. First, there were the internal conflicts among the groups themselves. Reportedly, Martin Luther King was absent from the more important meetings owing to his dissatisfaction with the failure of the other Negro leaders to emphasize the merits of his kind of demonstration and also to his disappointment that Roy Wilkins, the executive director of the NAACP, rather than he had been asked to deliver the closing address.

Again, the decision of SNCC under the direction of its new chairman, Stokely Carmichael, to boycott the conference substantially reduced the strength of the dissidents and left them under the somewhat erratic guidance of Floyd McKissick, the national director of CORE. McKissick's chief strategic blunder was to concentrate on gaining a resolution calling for a U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam on the grounds that the money spent for the war could be better spent on the cause of Negro rights. It was clear from the composition of the conference and of its twelve working panels that such a resolution had little chance of passage. McKissick's forces thus took a stunning defeat—about 100-9—when the resolution came up in his panel; the press (having been encouraged to overestimate the strength of McKissick's support) overplayed the issue; and the more widespread and relevant criticism of the administration for haphazardness in enforcing some of the laws now on the books tended to be overshadowed.

Even McKissick's one victory turned out in the end to be something of a defeat. He mobilized the considerable dissatisfaction of the delegates with the Council's decision to hold no plenary sessions, with discussions and voting from the floor, and administration agents on the scene agreed to revise the rules to permit debate and resolution-passing in each of the twelve panels. Whatever his true opinion of this arrangement may have been—McKissick alternately gave the impression of approval and disapproval—its result was simply to enhance the sense of the conference's dullness, confusion, and fragmentation. When it was over, no one could say for sure which panel had passed what, except to say that there had been a sudden rush of hasty voting by rote and that the Vietnam resolution had been beaten not once but repeatedly. One panel approved fifteen resolutions in thirty minutes.

All this, not surprisingly, obscured the actual results of the conference, which are now to be pondered by the Council under the direction of its chairman, Ben W. Heineman of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway. Some useful results, to be sure, are already evident. The clanking and cumbersome machinery of councils, conferences, and commissions that is necessary to build the public support and sense of inevitability that precede legislative and administrative efforts has been made to move further. The conference itself, more than half of whose members were Negroes, made a visible impression on some white businessmen and civic leaders who on occasion told reporters that before the conference they had not even begun to understand the problem. Which of the numerous proposals will find their way into legislation, of course, remains to be seen—several billion dollars' worth of them were put forth, among them some of questionable constitutionality.

One thing, however, is already clear. The squabbling among the civil-rights groups over tactics and objectives did not obscure an important new turn in thinking on the subject of Negro rights. In attacking the so-called Black Panther policies of SNCC, Roy Wilkins in his address to the closing session characterized them as advocated by persons who "have begun to classify believers by the color of their skins." But in its contempt for the cause of integration SNCC is not alone these days in seeing classification by color as a legitimate aspect of its program; many integrationists appear to be working on the same principle—toward admittedly more benevolent ends. "Experience has shown," the panel

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on education declared, for example, "that 'color-blind' programs will not bring us to a 'color-blind' society. On the contrary, experience has amply demonstrated that 'color-blindness' has served as a shield for racial discrimination." Accordingly, the panel proposed "reduction of racial concentration by 'color-conscious' planning."

In some areas, of course, shyness about color can do more harm than good to relations between the races. Calculated efforts have been made in some communities, for instance, to establish and preserve racially mixed neighborhoods and to defeat the block-busting efforts of real-estate agents and halt the panicky flight of whites. But even in quotation marks, "color-conscious" planning has implications that civil-rights enthusiasts would do well to think about twice.

The Dominican Election

The Dominican people did not have a brilliant choice between Joaquin Balaguer and Juan Bosch in the June 1 Presidential elections, but this was perhaps not so important as the fact that they had a choice at all and exercised it in an orderly fashion. Balaguer, a former Trujillo aide, campaigned hard around the country and won; Bosch, the erratic poet-professor, made his pitch by radio from his fortified house and is now free to return to the life abroad he prefers.

Impartial observers—and even partial ones such as Norman Thomas, a Bosch supporter—agree that it was a fair election. The charges of fraud made by both contenders before the vote and by Bosch's party afterward are pro forma. In the 1962 election, which Bosch won by a margin that surprised his own party, Bosch men were crying "Foul!" in the streets of Santo Domingo even as the returns showed he was winning.

There is a real danger that the Left will attempt to prevent Balaguer from taking office next month or will later prepare another violent uprising against him, just as rightist elements in the armed forces threatened to do if Bosch won. For this reason, Balaguer will probably have to ask the Inter-American Peace Force to stay on in Santo Domingo for some months.

Above all, the country needs a period of calm so that the urgent job of economic and social rehabilitation can go forward. The United States stands ready to mount a major assistance program and Balaguer is expected to make better use of U.S. aid than Bosch did when he was President. He would be well advised to reconfirm the orders that keep in exile both the left-wing and the right-wing officers who led the battling forces in last year's uprising. And he would do well to bring responsible representatives of opposition parties into his government, continuing the pattern of the provisional régime.

In voting for the conservative candidate, the majority of Dominicans indicated that they have had enough of revolution and upheaval in their country, and Balaguer should have their support against the armed minority that can be expected to keep on making trouble. We wish him well and fervently hope that the little island republic will at last return to the modest role it deserves in the international scene. It has already cost us heavily in terms of assistance and prestige. On the whole, the Dominican experience, from the landing of our troops to the Presidential election, has proved to be more successful than a number of raucous critics of the administration have led a large section of the public to believe. But our complete disengagement from Dominican affairs is still a long way off.

Hear No Evil

American political pollsters have often been charged with stacking the deck for their clients by investigating public opinion only to produce the results they want to hear. Now evidence from abroad comes to show that this is neither an American phenomenon nor exclusively the responsibility of the pollsters. Before it suspended publication with the heavily censored December issue, the Central African *Examiner* reported that when Rhodesian Front Secretary F.W. Bradburn was asked how many members of the Front supported the government's Unilateral Declaration of Independence, he replied, "I haven't a clue. We've never had a poll to find out. . . . Anyway, it's not the sort of thing you would want to find out."

The Great Wonderland

One night recently, Los Angeles police discovered a young man named Charles Baker sitting out on the limb of a tree, stark naked. With the forthrightness of a Leigh-Mallory inspecting Everest, Baker told police "I just wanted to climb that tree." He also admitted that he was the brother of the former Senate aide Bobby Baker, that he was an executive of the Serv-U Corporation that Bobby made famous, and that he had been taking LSD.

We wonder if by some coincidence Baker might also have succumbed to a whiff of a speech that Secretary of Agriculture Orville E. Freeman delivered a couple of days earlier in Virginia—or that Freeman himself, in his endless wadings to and fro in our surplus-grain supply, had perhaps inhaled a little of the ergot fungus from which LSD can be derived.

Freeman's trip, to be sure, was only to Hot Springs, his audience only a group of businessmen, and his limb only rhetorical. But as reported in the Washington *Evening Star*, he was indeed far out on that. "As I was casting about for an appropriate opening," he cast about ". . . a certain line kept running through my mind. . . . The time has come to talk of many things. . . . The time has come to talk of many things.

"There was something familiar about that line, and suddenly it came to me. . . . 'The time has come,' the Walrus said, 'to talk of many things.'" While his audience was digesting *that* with their peas and roast beef, Freeman traveled from cabbages and kings and whether pigs have wings (he should be so lucky) back to his point:

"Seriously, today I do want to talk to you of many things, of things vitally important to you, to me . . . and to this great Wonderland. Like the lyrical Walrus, I want to talk to you of factory whistles and whippoorwills . . . of manufacturing plants and meadowlarks . . ."

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High Energy for Space: A report from General Dynamics

How can you add calories and not gain weight?

The question, only rueful to waistline worriers, is vital to space flight. Calories are energy that has to be unlocked from fuel. The fuels that now lift relatively large payloads into earth orbit are not really efficient to take them all the way to the moon. Something with more "calories" to the ounce is needed.

The theoretical answer has been known for years—hydrogen.

Hydrogen contains more heat units to the pound than any carbon-derived power source. It burns explosively when mixed with oxygen. Under proper control, it would be ideal.

Enigmas of ultra-cold:

Hydrogen, existing naturally as a gas, is unnoticeable under everyday conditions. To be used as a practical space fuel, it must be carried in the vehicle as a liquid. In that form it is one of the coldest things in existence, 420° below zero Fahrenheit.

In this world of ultra-cold, most materials become as brittle as thin glass. Should the temperature rise only a few degrees, liquid hydrogen "boils" into a rapidly expanding gas that could burst through a sealed container.

Could liquid hydrogen be contained within a vehicle light enough for space flight? Could it be kept cold enough? Be controlled so precisely that its reaction with oxygen would give exactly the amount of thrust needed?

Today, hydrogen has been tamed. When the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Surveyor lands on the moon, it will have been put on its way by Centaur, the first space vehicle fueled by high-energy liquid hydrogen.

Centaur was originally started by General Dynamics as a research project for the Department of Defense to test the feasibility of hydrogen as a fuel. Now operational for NASA, Centaur is the most powerful upper-stage space vehicle for its size and weight available. In nature the most efficient container in terms of weight to strength is considered the shell of an egg. Centaur, which needs only 1/35th of a pound of tank for each pound of propellant carried, is three times more efficient.

But before Centaur became operational, major problems had to be solved.

Early hurdles...

On the ground liquid hydrogen must be stored in large stainless steel tanks with double walls filled with insulation and evacuated to a high vacuum. Similar permanent insulation would mean a substantial weight penalty for a space vehicle.

With the best available insulation, relatively high external air temperatures on earth and the friction heat generated during booster flight cause some boil-off, creating the danger of constantly increasing gas pressure inside a tank.

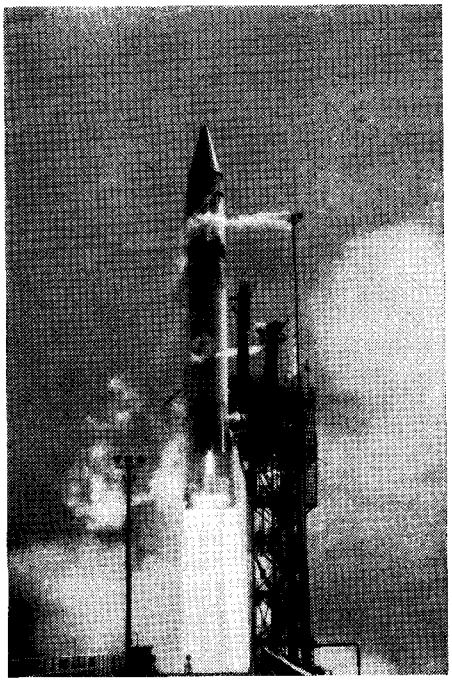
Liquid oxygen must be carried in the vehicle to react with the hydrogen. Lox is pretty cold itself at −297° F., but "hot" enough to make hydrogen boil.

Centaur's stainless steel tank, which is also the external skin of the vehicle, is only one-third the thickness of a dime. The extreme cold initially created microscopic cracks, visible only under magnification, in the stainless steel around some welds. Such cracks could cause structural weakness—and leaks, since hydrogen, the smallest of atoms, can seep through openings that will hold back everything else.

...and answers:

For external insulation Centaur is wrapped with 1,200 pounds of inch-thick glass fiber panels filled with plastic foam. Just before the upper stage separates from its booster, the panels, which have served their purpose, are forced away by explosive charges. Now Centaur is free to reach its required speed at a minimum insulation-weight penalty to the mission.

To control boil-off, venting systems bleed off hydrogen gas during propellant loading and until launch at 18 pounds per minute. Excessive pressure is prevented from developing inside the tank, yet the gas is sufficiently diffused that it can be fed into the atmosphere without danger of explosion. During booster flight, venting continues until the vehicle enters the frictionless cold



Atlas-Centaur launches a payload.

How Centaur works as a space vehicle

Space flight requires both muscle and speed. Whether the payload is a grapefruit-sized satellite or a manned capsule, it must be pushed to a speed of 25,300 feet per second to reach a 160-mile high orbit around the earth. To go to the moon, it must hit 36,000 f.p.s.

The muscle is supplied by a launch vehicle whose initial push, defined in pounds of thrust, must be sufficiently greater than the total weight of the vehicle, fuel and payload to overcome the pull of gravity.

The heavier the combination, the more thrust is needed to get it started against the pull of gravity and to keep it moving fast enough to reach its destination.

Just adding more propellant to a single stage vehicle would ultimately make the propellant containers so heavy that the vehicle could not reach the necessary velocity.

So for speed, a second stage is used.

This tandem combination can be compared to a sports car being pushed by a truck. The truck goes as far and as fast as it can. When both vehicles reach the top speed of the truck, the fully fueled sports car starts, adding its own acceleration to carry its driver farther and faster.

Centaur's "truck" so far has been an Atlas, the same General Dynamics' launch vehicle that boosted the first American astronauts into orbit.

Fully fueled on the ground, Atlas, Centaur and a two-ton payload weigh a total 303,000 pounds. Atlas' 380,000 pounds of thrust, provided by a kerosene-derived fuel, push the combined vehicles to 91 miles and a speed of 12,700 f.p.s. before it drops off and Centaur's hydrogen fueled engines take over.

The high energy of the smaller Centaur now need push only the 36,500 pounds of itself and the payload against less gravitational effect and without the resistance of the atmosphere. After 440 seconds of firing, Centaur is traveling at 36,000 f.p.s., fast enough to send its payload along its orbit to the moon.

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of space, when the bleed drops to a half-pound per minute.

One step in the elimination of microcracks was to thicken the original skin of Centaur a bare .004 inch to its current .014 inch. To reduce them further, all the vehicle's 162,000 spot-welds are X-ray inspected, and any imperfect welds are repaired before assembly continues.

Extra chores:

In addition to its fuel energy, the hydrogen even helps itself work.

The ultra-cold actually solves one insulation problem. Oxygen and hydrogen tanks are separated by less than one-third of an inch, but the liquid hydrogen freezes air between the tanks into a solid, creating a narrow vacuum that minimizes the passage of heat.

The thrust chamber—where the fuel is burned—develops temperatures of some 5,500° F. Such heat could quickly bring the cryogenic propellants to the explosion point.

On its way to be "burned," liquid hydrogen is first pumped through a cooling jacket surrounding the thrust chamber, separating the very hot from the very cold areas.

In absorbing the engine heat the liquid expands to a turbulent gas to be used for the energy reaction. But some is temporarily diverted to drive turbopumps that feed the propellants in required amounts to the engines. Without this technique, propellants would have to be force-fed to the engines under high gas pressure, requiring thicker tank walls and greater weight.

Slimming down more:

Centaur, for its size, is the most efficient single vehicle in operation today. Its fuel is the most efficient currently available for space use.

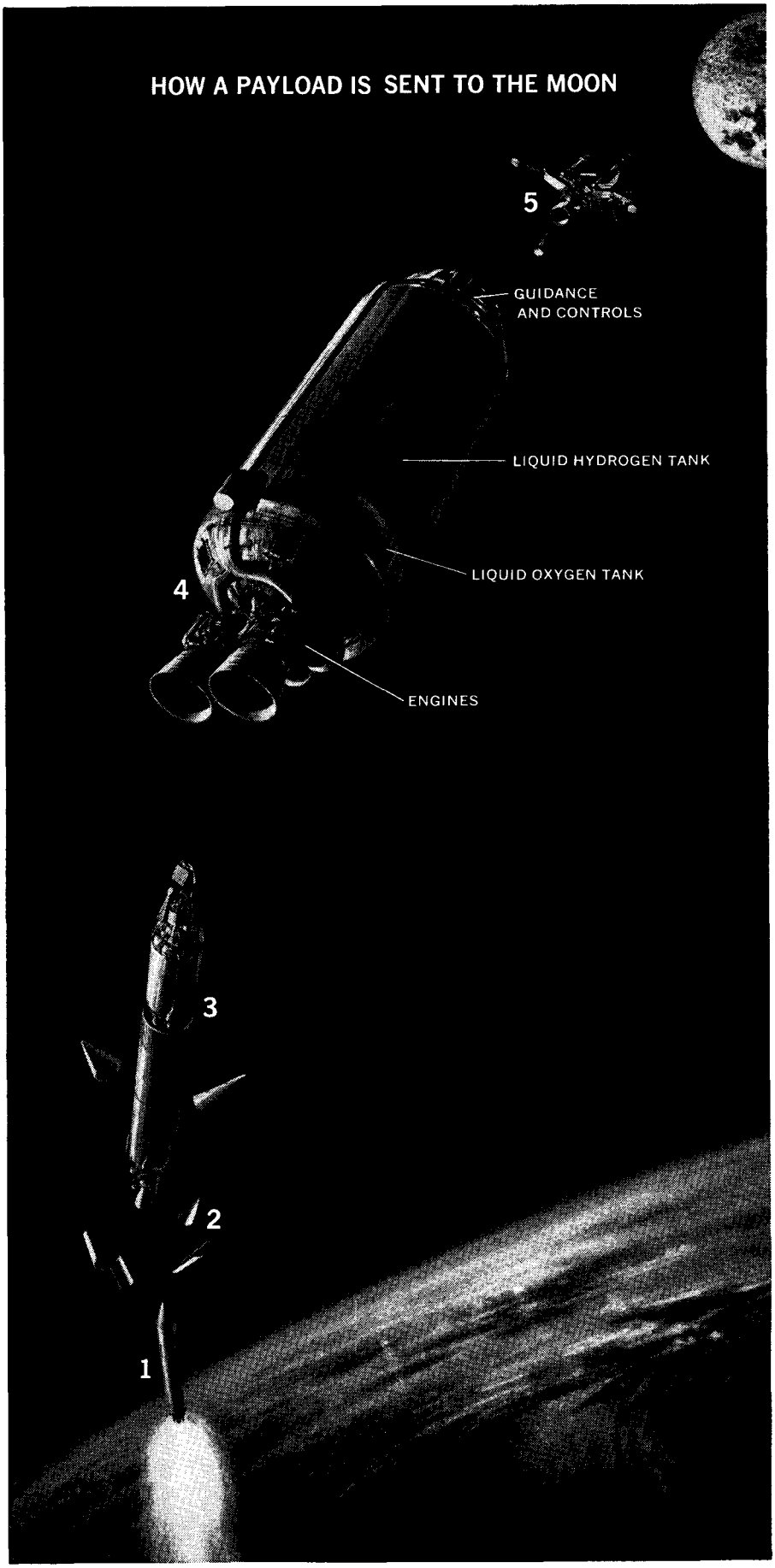
Yet further improvements are being worked on by General Dynamics: metals equally strong and possibly lighter; "super-insulations"; uprated engines, advanced control systems and fuel additives to increase performance.

As Centaur matures, it's going to take on even more calories—and probably lose more weight in the process.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communication systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

One Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10020



1—Atlas starts Centaur and its payload on their flight. **2**—Shortly before Atlas and Centaur have separated, insulation panels and then nose fairings have been jettisoned. **3**—Atlas separates and Centaur and payload start their phase of journey. **4**—Centaur has completed firing and separated from payload. **5**—Payload continues along its orbit to the moon.

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Who Is Man?

It is a joy to find oneself back in the here and now after the tie with both has been loosened by illness and distance—a joy that is more poignant when the return happens to coincide with the fullness of spring. For one particularly concerned with things political, it is consoling to be told that not much has happened and that little homework is required to catch up with what our national leaders have said or done.

Abroad, queer little items about American policy can be found in the most improbable papers. I happened to find one of these items in a place that couldn't have been more propitious: in the neighborhood of Syracuse, the city where Plato foolishly attempted to have his blueprint of the Republic made into the law of the land. The American Secretary of Defense, according to a Sicilian newspaper, had launched a project to decide who is man. I have long held Secretary McNamara in great esteem, and I could scarcely wait to read what he had said. Perhaps poor old Plato had been vindicated. Perhaps the computers were going to bring us close to the era of the philosopher-kings.

Having read the speech, I don't know what bedevils me the more, the speech itself or the universal acclaim it received. Through McNamara's arguments runs a powerful notion that in itself is fit to be measured and computerized: it is the notion of development—obviously economic development. We have the nations "that are struggling to develop"; those that may be called fully developed, the "free nations that have reached a level of strength and prosperity that enables them to contribute to the peace of the world"; and finally "those who might be tempted to make themselves our adversaries."

We seem to have no enemy greedily looking at us and what we have as ultimately destined to be his. But there are nations, according to McNamara, that are exposed to the temptation of antagonizing us. His supreme remedy for international ills is development: "In a modernizing society, *security means development*. . . . Security *is* development. *Without* development, there can be no security." (Italics his.) "Development means economic, social, and political progress."

Toward what or, according to his parlance, within what range of options, the Secretary does not say, for after all, this is a speech, not a philosophical treatise. But he finds time to tell us a few things that are, to say the least, incorrect. He says that there is "an *irrefutable relationship between violence and economic backwardness.*" Obviously, he does not have in mind savage tribes or slum gangs. Japan in 1941, the Germany of the Kaiser and of Hitler, when they went to war could not be called economically backward.

For quite a while, at least from the time of the Marshall Plan, a sort of benign, or Sanka-coffee Marxism has dominated the thinking of our statesmen. McNamara sums it up, with a few of the clichés left out: in order to spare Communism the temptation to expand into backward areas, we must help the countries willing and able to help themselves. This is self-evident. But to be effective, this requires constant vigilance on the way aid is given and used, for in quite a few developing countries the men in power are demonstrably willing and able to help themselves.

And then, merciful God, come the bridges: to Red China and to all nations "who would cut themselves off from any meaningful contact with us," or "who might be tempted to take up arms against us." These nations have arms, weapons, while our Secretary of Defense invariably calls our weapons hardware. If our national goal is to promote development, it is obvious that we should put our minds to the forging of a better suited kind of hardware. Reading his speech, one has the feeling that the Secretary of Defense, tired of the job, would like to be put in charge of community action, national and international, what he calls "community of effort," with two years of service for every person, sex unspecified. Here he launches his attack on the "inequity" of our Selective Service System. It surely can stand reform, but in relation to the country's military needs.

"Who is man?" I am afraid that McNamara has an answer to his question: man is an item of accounting, the percentage of a development rate. Man has, as he says, "a near infinite capacity for folly," but in development lies his ever-precarious hope of salvation. There is no hint that man, in himself and in his societies, may be pursuing a destiny; no evidence that irrespective of his nation or condition in life, there is a history back of him and ahead of him.

This way of thinking comes from the substitution of abstractions, or rather of one abstraction, for ideas. One generalization covers the whole horizon. Why did Secretary McNamara feel compelled to bring forth this distillation of his thinking? Perhaps it was the spring. In a way, I am grateful to him for having given me such a chance to get angry. Now I know I am home.

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Selective Service and National Needs

BRUCE K. CHAPMAN

THE QUESTION no longer is whether or when draft reform will occur, but what shape it will take. With even the Director of the Selective Service System, Lieutenant General Lewis B. Hershey, and Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara admitting that the draft operates inequitably, some changes in the system—and maybe many—are likely when the misnamed Universal Military Training and Service Act comes up for its quadrennial extension in mid-1967.

The sides are already emerging: those in favor of marginal changes within the present system, those favoring a two-year "national service" requirement for all, those wanting a return to the lottery system of the First World War, and those backing gradual abolition and an all-volunteer military. Most public officials are watching the gathering battle with an uneasy neutrality, and they are apprehensive about more than the effect of this unpredictable issue on next fall's elections: they are concerned that any reform in the draft shall not impair the provision of adequate and ready manpower for national defense.

Within the framework of security requirements, however, there is clearly a lot that is questionable about the present system, and the current controversy represents the first time since 1951 that Congress has taken more than a cursory look at the draft. When it was extended in 1963, only three Congressmen voted "No," and only a handful—notably Republicans Thomas B. Curtis of Missouri and John V. Lindsay of New York, and Democrats Robert W. Kastenmeier and Henry S. Reuss of Wisconsin—declared for major revisions. Curtis, who is the draft's most determined critic in Congress, said at the time, "The fact is that the draft is basically a crutch the military has used to avoid having to develop sounder personnel policies."

In early 1964, after several members of Congress, led by Senator Kenneth B. Keating of New York and Representative Curtis, initiated bills to create a study of the draft and three days before sixteen Republican Congressmen were to deliver a long critique of draft policies on the House floor, President Johnson announced a new study by the Pentagon; a report was to be published one year later. The House Republicans complained privately that the White House had again outmaneuvered them on a public issue, and noted that a study of the draft initiated during the Kennedy administration was still in the works. That was in April, 1964. When the Johnson administration's report was completed last year, officials declined to release it for a variety of reasons. One reason was that the figures on which it was based were drastically altered by the administration's decision last July to step up the draft in order to meet its manpower needs in Vietnam. Another reason was that it was felt to be politically unwise in the face of growing protests against the war—many of which were focused on the draft—to release a document enumerating the system's shortcomings and inequities. The Pentagon has now let it be known that the report is being updated and will be released in about one month's time. At present it is considered so secret that even General Hershey himself claims not to have seen it.

Who Gets Drafted?

Even in the absence of the Pentagon study, criticism of the draft, stimulated by high calls for Vietnam, has continued to mount. One of the most emotional charges raised against the draft is also one of the least substantial—that the deferment policies which postpone service for the college and graduate student (who, it is observed, tends to be prosperous and white) force the uneducated (generally poor and often Negro) to bear the nation's military burden. This has been a favorite argument of povertarians like Michael Harrington, repeated by Senators such as Robert Kennedy of New York and Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin. It has been carried to an extreme by the New Left, which maintains that Vietnam is a "rich man's war" and that the poor are being used as cannon fodder.

Selective Service has been remarkably inept in rebutting this charge, merely asserting that college students represent a major material and intellectual investment for the whole country. But in fact, the advantage of the college student is offset by several factors. For one thing, college students are still liable to service upon graduation. Even if graduate programs are added on, very few men actually manage to

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stay in school past twenty-six, the effective age limit for the draft. Indeed, nearly all of the officer class comes from among college graduates, and as far as the "cannon fodder" argument is concerned, young lieutenants in Vietnam lead a notoriously precarious existence.

Moreover, the correlation among education, wealth, and race works both ways, with the uneducated, the poor, and the Negro accounting for most deferments for failure to pass military entrance examinations. According to a Selective Service spokesman, "More people are deferred for lack of education than are deferred because of education." There is also a correlation between education or wealth or race and the age of marriage. Census statistics reveal that the uneducated, the poor, and Negroes all tend to marry earlier than do college graduates, the wealthy, and the white—and one child is sufficient for deferment.

If any social or economic group is discriminated against, it is probably neither the rich nor the poor but the lower middle-class high-school graduates of merely average intelligence who are not in college. But since even within the high-school-graduate group only one out of two men actually serves in the military these days, the whole attempt to cite a pattern of discrimination on the basis of class or race becomes highly relative and slightly unreal.

A MORE PERTINENT criticism of scholastic deferments has come in response to Selective Service's new tests to determine which students will receive a 2-S deferment and which will be made subject to the draft. The structural deficiencies of the tests were obvious from the time that they were announced. General Hershey actually admitted that science and mathematics students would have an advantage on the tests (questions in their fields "are easier to grade," he said). Another inequity derives from the fact that students who make the best grades in their class are automatically relieved of the need to take the test. This gives students from inferior schools an advantage over those in schools with higher standards.

Selective Service is under even sharper attack for inefficiency in its own internal operations. Repeated examples of bureaucratic delay and error have been cited by the Wednesday Club of moderate Republicans in Congress. The Wednesday Club's most lurid example is what General Hershey himself dubbed the draft "pipeline." Out of a total 1-A pool of 990,000 men as of May 1, only 71,000 men had been fully examined and certified fit for military service. Others, understandably, had not yet been called for their induction examinations because their turn—governed by age—had not come up. But several hundred thousand men, according to the draft's own records, were "not available" to meet monthly draft calls simply because their

papers were still being processed. Selective Service blames the Army's entrance and examination centers for the delays, while the Army blames them on the nation's four thousand draft boards. Though both are probably at fault, the result has been anxiety and uncertainty among those who sometimes wait four months or longer to learn their fate after their notice to report for a physical.

More important, the delays have shown that Selective Service doesn't really know how to control its manpower acquisition. As an official at the Labor Department's Office of Manpower, Automation and Training observed, "The problem generates from the frame of mind of Selective Service. They don't feel comfortable unless they can see where the next million men are coming from." The draft, in short, is putting far more men into the draft pipeline than it needs.

It is also calling them at different rates in different localities and states. In Michigan, 17,210 men have been inducted during fiscal 1966, while in Texas, whose draft-age manpower configuration is almost identical to Michigan's and whose population is 2.25 million larger, only 15,156 have been inducted. The reason for this common kind of geographical discrimination is directly traceable to the varying standards of efficiency from board to board and state to state. A local board's monthly quota is determined by the number of qualified 1-As in the community. Hence, if a locality (or a whole state) is slower than most in processing the papers of its young men, it will have a smaller pool of 1-As and a smaller quota of men to be called. If, as in many urban areas, large numbers volunteer and thereby help the local board to meet its draft quota, an individual has a better chance of escaping the draft than he would somewhere else. Whole categories of men in the draft's system of priorities—young husbands, for example—may be called in some areas and not in others.

General Hershey, a benign old soldier who was appointed executive officer of what was then known as the joint Army and Navy Selective Service Commission in 1936, has met all such criticism with at least public equanimity. He just administers the laws, he says; if Congress wants to change them, that's their business.

Loopholes Within Loopholes

Until Secretary McNamara spoke of the draft's inequities in his Montreal speech of May 18, however, it did not appear that Congress would get a chance to change the laws. As early as January the House Armed Services Committee chairman, L. Mendel Rivers of South Carolina, an old friend of Hershey's, told inquirers that he would initiate preliminary hearings "within the next month." He is still saying that. But now, since McNamara has gone on record for a new look at the draft, it is expected that Representative Rivers will act, and the new interest concerns what his hearings and those that follow will produce.

There will be many advocates of only marginal reforms of Selective Service, and the system's own officials are almost sure to be among them. The use of computers, for example, could unclog much of the paper jam produced in the draft

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pipeline. Similarly, by eliminating the local-board quota system and replacing it with a national pool drawn upon at random, inequities between regions, states, and localities could be removed. But the local board would still retain power to decide who was to be called for examination and would continue to handle appeals.

The trouble with marginal improvements, some say, is that they may tend to create new and equally bad problems. It was suspected in the past, for instance, that some students were avoiding the draft by leaving college for a year or two while they were still below the age at which their local board was selecting. When they returned they would get a new academic deferment that, thanks to their recess, would allow them to finish college and graduate school after their twenty-sixth birthday.

Last year this loophole was closed by prohibiting a second deferment for anyone who for any reason interrupts his schooling during college. But the chief victims of this regulation are students who take leaves of absence to earn their way through school, or who leave temporarily on account of sickness, or who are advised by counselors to take a break to resolve some emotional problem of adolescence. Similarly, Selective Service makes no provision for students who can attend college only part time.

The National Service Dilemma

A great number of other conscientious young men, of course, find their lives complicated by the choices posed by the draft, and their frustration is largely responsible for the views of the proponents of a national service for all.

No one person is responsible for the national service idea. One of the first people to be associated with the concept is William Josephson, general counsel of the Peace Corps, who cautiously notes that even now no one has completely thought out just how such a program might work. But the central idea is compulsory service for all young men, whether exercised through the military, the Peace Corps, the war on poverty, or some other humanitarian project. An ad hoc National Service Conference of educators and other interested parties that met in New York in May expressed an interest in women serving. When Secretary McNamara in his Montreal speech seemed to give an endorsement to the concept—though his words were clarified out of existence the following day—he gave new impetus to the national service cause. So did

Senator Jacob Javits, who proposed service for all men under thirty-five, with priority given to the needs of the military.

The national service plan obviously would have a radical impact on the life patterns of young Americans. It would put their reputed idealism and dedication to the fullest test. The added manpower provided to social programs like the Peace Corps and the various domestic welfare projects could mean breakthroughs in social progress at home and abroad.

But the idea that each citizen owes the state a certain number of years also goes far beyond the "common defense" rationale of the draft and would probably be challenged on Constitutional grounds as amounting to involuntary servitude. It is also debatable whether the state should have the right to decide what work is socially valuable for a citizen to do and to take him away from chosen pursuits to carry it out.

Other problems, of an administrative nature, derive from the fact that 1.2 million men who presently miss military service and nearly four million women would be dropped into the program each two-year period—over five million men and women, it should be observed, whose absence from the job market would be contributing further to the private sector's acute labor shortage. Moreover, one must consider the long-term costs to the economy of so many more careers being postponed for two years. How would all the extra millions on the government payroll be financed? This is an especially alarming thought when one discovers that training costs alone for a single Peace Corps volunteer average $7,800.

Could national service even find enough short-term jobs for so many people of so many types? What about the married people with children, or the crippled; are there to be deferments from national service as there are from the draft, and if so, wouldn't the whole plan prove as cumbersome and inequitable as the present draft system? And, finally, is effective social work under the demanding conditions of the Peace Corps, for instance, even possible under coercion? Wouldn't the work be done better and more cheaply by professionals and highly motivated volunteers?

These are some of the tough questions that advocates of national service will have to answer in the coming debate. At present their program appears essentially to be the draft—with nearly all its faults—writ larger.

A similar problem obtains for the lottery concept, which was discarded, with reason, during World War II. While a lottery would avoid the complications and contradictions of the present system, would arbitrary selection really be better for either individuals or society? It is difficult to see the advantage of injustice dealt by non-human hands over that dealt by human ones. It is also difficult to imagine public support for a plan that could take the future nuclear physicist and leave the part-time store clerk, take the young

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father and leave the unemployed farmer. And again, once exemptions are granted for physicist and father, the plan is no longer a lottery but a selective service.

The Abolitionists

In some ways, those who seriously want to abolish the draft will have the most difficult case to make in the coming debate. They will have to do more than prove that it is anti-libertarian, is against the American peacetime norm, and distorts career and marriage choices; they must also prove that it is unnecessary. A volunteer army would be democratic and free from invidious discrimination of any kind, but would it work?

The truth is that apart from certain religious groups which oppose the draft as a matter of faith and the far Left, whose opposition is a matter of ideology and politics, most would-be abolitionists are not entirely sure that their plan is immediately desirable. A widely publicized sample plan proposed by the Harvard Republican Club calls for gradual abolition, with a draft of sorts maintained during the transition period. But, abolition advocates say, even in time of a limited war like the one in Vietnam, a large draft may no longer be required to meet America's military obligations. They point out that the baby boom of the Second World War is already producing a fifty per cent increase over 1950 in the number of men turning draft age. Thus the pool of potential volunteers is rapidly increasing, while any sizable increase over the present armed forces is unlikely in the near future.

It is possible, following a suggestion made by General Hershey himself, to increase the supply of available manpower further by providing remedial educational and medical assistance to those men who volunteer for service but fail the entrance examinations—about ten thousand a month. These men would receive the instruction or treatment needed to correct their shortcomings while undergoing combat training. Last November 1, the passing score on the examination was lowered from the thirty-first to the sixteenth percentile for high-school graduates. But high-school dropouts, many of whom would like to volunteer and could benefit from service, still must meet the old standard, almost twice as high. The group of House Republicans critical of the draft law —now grown to twenty-three—has asked that the dropouts be allowed to qualify at the same level as high-school graduates. If this is done, an increase in volunteers would surely follow. More men could also be acquired by ending the requirement that every soldier, whether mess-hall busboy or jungle fighter, must be physically able to undergo combat training. In fact, four-fifths of the military's jobs are noncombat.

EVEN LARGER savings of manpower could be effected by reducing the number of men—currently 400,000 —who retire each year from our three-million-man armed forces. The turnover is highest, of course, among draftees, only eight per cent of whom re-enlist. Since each new soldier requires long and expensive training, a higher re-enlistment bonus or pay raise might well pay for itself in reduced training costs. The cost of that training could be offered as a pay incentive to re-enlist.

Another way suggested to save manpower is to hire civilian replacements for certain noncombat positions such as clerking, typing, and maintenance. Last September, Secretary McNamara showed some confidence in this policy by replacing seventy-five thousand members of the armed forces in noncombat jobs with sixty thousand civilians. That many other similar savings could be found was implied at the end of 1965 in a little-noticed report of the Comptroller General's office which complained that some nine thousand personnel were being used for wholly improper duty at such places as officers' clubs, bowling alleys, and golf courses. According to the figures of Representative Curtis, each soldier costs the government an average of $18,000 a year, and civilian caddies come cheaper than that.

Finally, it is argued that the armed forces could recruit civilians who already have needed specialized talents. The added pay required to attract and hold men with expensive skills might well be met by savings from the reduction of specialized training facilities, which are notoriously inefficient, and the turnover of personnel. High pay, in conjunction with special benefits such as are offered in the new G.I. Education Bill, could make a professional army possible. It would be backed by a reserve smaller than the present system and made up of skilled veterans of the regular forces, well paid and better trained than the four- and six-month trainees of today.

Representative Curtis believes that gradual abolition of the draft and reinstitution of a volunteer military by methods such as these is not only in the interests of our young men but also would raise the quality of our defense and save the government money in the end. Secretary McNamara disagrees. Last winter he told a Senate subcommittee that to scrap the draft system entirely "would make it very difficult, if not impossible, to guarantee that the necessary manpower would be available in time to meet the kinds of rapid changes in military requirements which we have encountered in recent years. . . . We cannot look forward to discontinuance of the draft in the coming decade. . . ."

On the question of costs, the Defense Department has been more confusing than direct. Last year Secretary McNamara gave two estimates of the additional cost of an all-volunteer army that were so divergent—$4 billion in a February Congressional budget hearing and $20 billion in a December interview—as to suggest that the department has either found the computation of cost of this alternative to the draft inordinately complicated or has not given it serious consideration.

The Pentagon's apparent unwillingness to come to grips with the problem of finding a substitute for the present system that is suited to the nation's needs has led critics to demand a full Congressional inquiry, with the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee and the House Education and Labor Committee sitting with the Armed Services Committees in open hearings. Such a thorough investigation and debate would be invaluable in reaching a decision on whether a volunteer army or any other of the proposed reforms is feasible.

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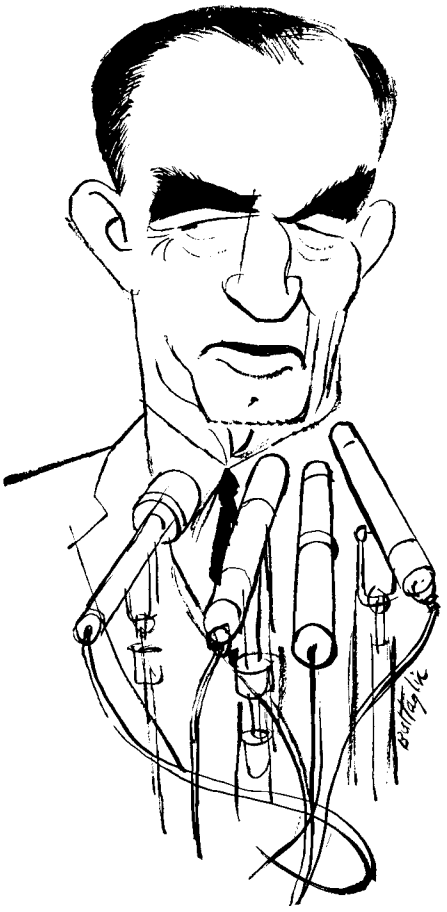
Old Realities And New Myths

HENRY FAIRLIE



You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!
Though I've belted you an' flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am,
Gunga Din!

It was rather a surprise, as I read the text of Senator Fulbright's third lecture at the Johns Hopkins University, to find that he had taken time out to attack me as "a British Gunga Din." What he means, I suppose, is that—since I generally support the manner in which America has exercised, and now exercises, its huge power—I am to be regarded as a water carrier for the American empire.

I had asked for the full texts of Senator Fulbright's Johns Hopkins lectures before I knew of this unexpected personal note. I could not understand how an intelligent man had been led into some of the statements he was reported to have made. I was interested also to find if his views had changed since he published *Old Myths and New Realities* in 1964.

This, in the event, proved to be a most curious exercise. It was a little mystifying, for example, to turn from this passage in the lecture:

"The question, phrased somewhat differently, is how and why it happens that the groups into which men organize themselves come to be regarded as ends in themselves, as living organisms with needs and preferences of their own which are separate from and superior to those of the individual, warranting, when necessary, the sacrifice of the hopes, the pleasures and the lives of individual men" . . .

to this passage in *Old Myths and New Realities*:

"The question, phrased somewhat differently, is how and why it happens that the groups into which men organize themselves come to be regarded as ends in themselves, as living organisms with needs and preferences of their own which are separate from and superior to those of individuals, warranting, when necessary, the sacrifice of the hopes and pleasures of individual men."

In fact, the two passages continue for considerably longer, almost word for word, the same; and they are by no means the only example of the words of 1964 being delivered, as if new-born, to the captive audience of 1966.

Again, in 1966 as in 1964, Senator Fulbright has lit his argument with occasional quotations, and it is disconcerting to find that so many of those which crop up in 1966 were trotted out in 1964: a little joke by Samuel Butler (*Old Myths,* p. 7; Johns Hopkins I); a speech by Alexander H. Stephens (*Old Myths,* p. 67; Johns Hopkins III); a brooding thought from Aldous Huxley (*Old Myths,* p. 70; Johns Hopkins III); an esoteric quotation from the seventeenth-century French historian Jean de La Bruyère (*Old Myths,* p. 141; Johns Hopkins III); and an animadversion by Gordon W. Allport (*Old Myths,* p. 144; Johns Hopkins III).

Nevertheless, despite this self-plagiarism, there is a marked difference between the 1964 and 1966 versions of Senator Fulbright's views to which I think it is worth paying attention. He did not, in 1964, concern himself with the morality of American power but with its physical limitations and the inflexibility of its purposes. Anxious to condemn "moralism" in American policy, he avoided any "moralism" of his own.

It is this which has changed in the Johns Hopkins lectures. Senator Fulbright attacks the problem of power with almost religious fervor:

". . . a great nation is peculiarly susceptible to the idea that its power is a sign of God's favor, conferring upon it a special responsibility for other nations—to make them richer and happier and wiser, to remake them, that is, in its own shining image. Power confuses itself with virtue and it also tends to take itself for omnipotence. . . .

"It was approximately under this kind of infatuation—an exaggerated sense of power and an imaginary sense of mission—that the Athenians attacked Syracuse and Napoleon and then Hitler invaded Russia. . . .

"Gradually but unmistakably we are succumbing to the arrogance of power."

This is rather splendid pulpit rhetoric. But it is worth noticing, in passing, how the rhetoric *by itself* advances and exaggerates the argument. The qualifications and hesitations of "susceptible to" and "tends to" are transformed, by the end, into the sweeping and doom-laden certainties of "succumbing" and "unmistakably." Proof is not required: the words are enough. It is exactly how my grandfather used to preach.

Here, as elsewhere in the lectures, Senator Fulbright makes consider-

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able use of debatable historical analogies; and they are, I believe, a vital clue to his present position. They may take us as far back as Athens, but we must go back with him, because in them he reveals his preoccupations and, in my view, his fallacies. For if Senator Fulbright does not believe in God's favor, he certainly believes in His vengeance.

Some Unhistorical Analogies

I was at first baffled that Senator Fulbright should have chosen only Athens and Napoleon's France and Hitler's Germany. Why not the Roman Empire, the Spanish Empire, the British Empire? But the reason is simple. He was seeking examples of the decline of great nations and great empires as the result of "an exaggerated sense of power and an imaginary sense of mission," and neither Rome nor Spain nor Britain suited.

Again and again, in fact, Rome tried to limit the boundaries of its empire, to draw a final line against the barbarians, to say "thus far and no farther." Rome remains, to this day, the outstanding example of the very opposite of what Senator Fulbright is trying to demonstrate: it was an empire which tried to stop and, when it found that impossible, tried to contract, and failed.

Moreover, the point is underlined by the very first of the examples that he takes. There are not in history many more wretched ends to a wretched story than the failure of Athenian imperialism and the ruin of the Greece of the city-states. Countless volumes have been written on the theme since Thucydides, but few are as certain in their judgment as Senator Fulbright.

Athenians—not just Alcibiades, not just Cleon, but Pericles himself—were gripped by the idea that Athens, in order to survive, in order to live at all, must expand. This was the *Leitmotiv,* not just of Thucydides's terrible narrative but of the Athenian state, and the Athenian imperialism that he described. " 'It is not possible for us,' said Alcibiades, 'to calculate, like housekeepers, exactly how much empire we want to have. The fact is that we have reached a stage where we are forced to plan new conquests and forced to hold on to what we have got, because there is a danger that we ourselves may fall under the power of others unless others are in our power. . . . No city can exist in inertia. . . .' "

It is this last sentence that reflects the belief which drove Athens on: a belief deep in the Athenians' philosophy, in their science, and in their attitude to the whole of life. Even Pericles justified Athenian imperialism by admitting its injustice, and claiming that Athens could not afford to be just: it must rule other people as a tyrant—or disappear.

Athens, in fact, was responding to a philosophical—not just a political—principle of the age, and Senator Fulbright distorts history to suit his argument, by presenting a complex issue in simplified, careless, and vulgar terms. There is no historical, no philosophical, no political principle at work in America today even remotely similar to that which impelled Athens to its ruin.

THE COMPARISON with Napoleon's France and Hitler's Germany is even more vulgar. It was not "an exaggerated sense of power" that drove them on, but an insane pursuit of power, of world power, for its own sake; not "an imaginary sense of mission" that dictated their course, but the personal lust to conquer the world. To equate them with an anxious and inhibited democracy is a trifle ill-educated. When the Senator later publicly regretted his comparisons but insisted on the validity of his concepts, he did not manage to extricate himself from his muddle.

These sweeping historical analogies illustrate what has happened to his argument since 1964. In *Old Myths and New Realities,* he concerned himself with the dangers of overcommitting, overextending, the resources of the United States, a legitimate and practical concern. But he did not impute or question motive. He did not attribute "arrogance" to the United States, only *possible* blindness and *possible* folly.

Today, in his concern to limit America's commitments, he feels it necessary to go much further: to question not only whether it is *possible* for America to accept "a special responsibility for other nations," but whether it is *proper* for it to do so. In order to do this, he then finds it necessary to employ a theory of revolutions which in effect denies that America need ever act on its own initative. On the contrary, America need only wait until a revolution reaches its "Thermidor." We are here presented with another of Senator Fulbright's historical analogies—picked up from Crane Brinton—that runs through the whole of his second lecture:

"In Crane Brinton's analysis, there is a tendency for great revolutions to be preceded by the demoralization of a traditional ruling class and to be characterized, thereafter, first by the rule of the moderates, then by the rule of the extremists, whose extremism degenerates into terror, and who then are displaced by more practical men who bring the society back to normalcy and routine, to the stage known in the French Revolution as 'Thermidor'. . . .

"In its eighth year the Cuban revolution may be emerging from extremism into its period of Thermidor. The process . . . is one that other great revolutions have gone through: the French Revolution was finally institutionalized by the Third Republic, the Russian Revolution by Stalin and perhaps more even by Khrushchev. . . .

"The Chinese revolution is still at flood tide . . . still unready for that coming down to earth which we call 'Thermidor.' "

I AM no more a professional historian than Senator Fulbright, but this is as weird a description of the course of "great revolutions" as I have ever read.

Thermidor did not bring France back to "normalcy"—however "normalcy" can be described in such a situation—and it was certainly not the "end" of the French Revolution. Napoleon was the child of the revolution, seizing its opportunities and using them for his schemes of world conquest.

As for saying that "the French Revolution was finally institutionalized by the Third Republic," one wonders what he can mean by "finally." The Third Republic—state *and* society—collapsed ignominiously in 1940; the Fourth Republic fared

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no better; and it is extremely doubtful whether the Fifth Republic, in spite of the exaltation of the moment, will survive the disappearance of President de Gaulle.

This attempt to show that revolutions reach a "final" condition, "which we call 'Thermidor,'" then leads Senator Fulbright into his astonishing description of the course of the Russian Revolution. If the Russian Revolution was "institutionalized" by Stalin, then it was institutionalized in the Terror and not in Thermidor at all; and it was institutionalized also in aggrandizement abroad. He speaks, indeed, of "much of what we find shocking and barbarous in . . . Russia in the twenties and thirties . . ." as if it had all passed, as if the recent trials had not taken place in Russia.

None of this is just history to Senator Fulbright. He uses his historical analogies to find the broadest possible justifications for the withdrawal of American power and for American *non*intervention in those parts of the world which he does not regard as essential to its interests. The fact that these justifications are based on historical analogies which are, to say the least, questionable is a warning that we should not too easily accept his heady mixture of history and morality.

In *Old Myths and New Realities,* he was still inclined to believe that the defense (or, at least, the support) of the free world was not a moral duty but an actual American interest:

"I begin with the premise that the continued existence of the Castro régime in Cuba is inimical to the interests of the United States, and that these interests would be far better served by a Cuban government oriented toward liberal democracy. . . .

". . .we can reinvigorate our efforts to strengthen the free nations of Asia, Africa, and Latin America, by providing a more discriminating and intelligent program of economic assistance and by encouraging cooperative free-world aid programs. . . ."

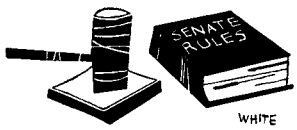
He was even fairly certain about the American interest in South Vietnam:

". . . to establish viable, independent states in Indochina and elsewhere in Southeast Asia, which will be free of and secure from the domination of Communist China and Communist North Vietnam."

His emphasis throughout was on the American *interest* in maintaining where possible—or at least encouraging where possible—"free nations . . . viable, independent states . . . oriented toward liberal democracy."

The Theory of Inevitability

If Senator Fulbright still feels this concern, it is not evident in the Johns Hopkins lectures. The purpose of the whole of his second lecture is to argue that America must come to terms with violent and undemocratic revolutions—"These prospects are probable rather than



inevitable"—even before they have reached their "Thermidor." Thus, in 1964, he argued that it "would be unwise" to recognize Communist China or acquiesce in its admission to the United Nations "because there is nothing to be gained by it so long as the Peking régime maintains its attitude of implacable hostility toward the United States." But in 1966, while admitting that Communist China is "still messianic in its aims, if not in its actions, still filled with passionate hostility to its foreign enemies, real and imaginary . . . ," he calls for gestures of friendship to be made to it by the United States, involving "something more—perhaps a great deal more—than reciprocity."

The justification of such gestures is that they "may weaken the Chinese image of a hostile America and hasten the day of China's Thermidor." The "may" here is hardly the firm foundation on which policy can be built, any more than is the prospect of China's obeying his historical analogy, its revolution "abating into Thermidor." Senator Fulbright argues that America is so strong that it can afford the risks. But he may here be making precisely the same overestimate of America's strength that he is intent on resisting.

The melancholy that runs through his lectures takes the treacherous form of assuming the inevitable. Thus, America must not undertake the full responsibilities of its power, otherwise it will court ruin as surely as Athens and Napoleon and Hitler; and America must not search for ways of encouraging peaceful and democratic changes of government, because revolution, and especially contemporary revolution, will probably be violent and undemocratic.

In the third of the Johns Hopkins lectures, this melancholy submission to "inevitability" takes an extreme form in his discussion of the causes of war:

"We must recognize, first of all, that the ultimate source of war and peace lies in human nature. . . ."

But this is a flat contradiction of what Senator Fulbright said on the same subject in *Old Myths and New Realities.* There he quoted approvingly from a group of eight psychologists and social scientists:

"To the best of our knowledge, there is no evidence that wars are necessary and inevitable consequences of 'human nature'. . . ."

Between 1964 and 1966, then, he seems to have moved to a position from which he regards it as all but inevitable that the consequences of exercising world power must be ruinous; all but inevitable that revolutions must be violent and undemocratic; and all but inevitable that war follows from human nature. Such a formidable construction of "inevitability" is, of course, a traditional argument for withdrawal from action.

There is not one of us who is not, from time to time, plunged into gloom at the catalogues of men's sins and follies, at the story of the rise and fall of nations and civilizations. But this is not a helpful frame of mind in which to try to form policy; and if I have only touched on current U.S. policy in rebutting Senator Fulbright's arguments, it is because he shows little direct concern with it in his lectures. Cassandra is an easy role to play, and a lazy one; and it is also not the role which one would like to see being played by as rare and valuable a political creature as Senator Fulbright.

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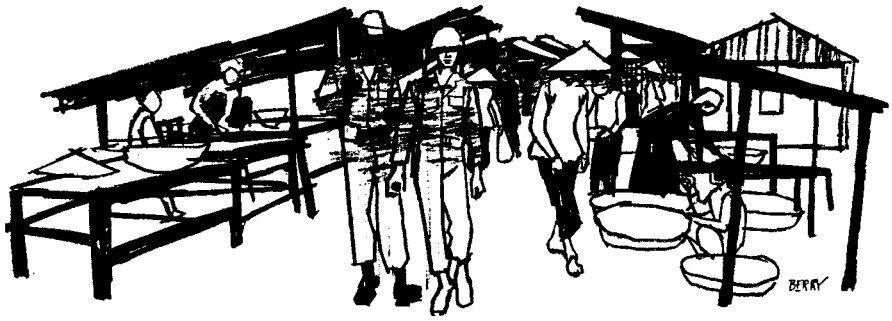

The Divided Buddhists Of South Vietnam

DENIS WARNER

SAIGON

No more welcome political news has come out of Vietnam than Thich Tam Chau's decision to resign his high post in the Unified Buddhist Church after playing the key role in averting a disastrous and irreparable break between the church and the government. He has thus isolated the extremists and opened the way for the creation of a new moderate Buddhist base in Saigon which may prove of incalculable importance in the September election.

One of the most persistent myths in South Vietnam is that since the downfall of the Diem régime the Buddhists have become so strong and unified that no other force in the country, including the Vietcong, is proof against them. While it is true that militant monks rule the Buddhists of central Vietnam, command a large following among Vietnamese students, and have succeeded in creating political fanaticism out of religious fervor, the movement is anything but united. Nothing in Vietnam is more illuminating or, under the circumstances, more surprising than a close examination of the politics of Buddhism.

Until 1964, Vietnam's largest and most important Buddhist organization was the General Buddhist Association of Vietnam. It consisted of three communities of monks and three lay associations for northern, central, and southern Vietnam, with the "northern" component mainly composed of refugees or former residents of North Vietnam. Although the Buddhists in general strenuously resented their inferior role vis-à-vis the Catholics during the Diem régime, little was heard of their association until May 8, 1963, when eight Buddhists were killed by government troops in a demonstration outside the radio station in Hué.

The incident, which precipitated the Buddhist campaign leading to the downfall of President Ngo Dinh Diem, was set off by an inflammatory speech by Thich Tri Quang, one of the leaders of the association, which the Hué authorities had refused to rebroadcast on the radio. It was followed the next day by an equally strong letter to all Buddhist monks, nuns, and laymen signed by Thich Tam Chau, head of the association's northern section. He wrote that "In recent years, we Buddhists . . . have been buried alive, slandered, exiled, jailed, persecuted, insulted.... Let us be united in determination. Let tens of thousands of men act like a single man. Let us be ready to protect our religion and to die for our religion. . . . We must be ready to put on the robe, join hands, look up to the Buddha, and take long strides on the road to martyrdom."

To co-ordinate their efforts, the Buddhists formed the Intersect Committee for the Defense of Buddhism to act as the sole spokesman for the various Buddhist associations then involved in negotiations with the Diem government. Leading the committee were Thich Tri Quang and Thich Tam Chau.

In those fevered months when the Xa Loi Pagoda in Saigon became national headquarters for this early struggle movement, the monks learned a great deal about political power and its manipulation. The guns of the generals finally ended the Diem régime, but it was the work of the monks that made the coup possible. Almost overnight they emerged as a major political force, and it soon became clear that, having tasted power, they were of no mind to return to the serenity of the pagodas and their lives of meditation and prayer.

Two months later, the monks were ready to advance a step further. In January, 1964, against the protests of many leading Buddhist laymen, they created the Unified Buddhist Church, consisting of fourteen of the country's sixteen Buddhist sects. In vain the laymen appealed to Thich Tinh Khiet, the Supreme Venerable of the General Buddhist Association, who, now in his eighties, neither reads nor writes the romanized Vietnamese language but only the ancient Chu Nom script, which has not been in general use since the fifteenth century. But the monks had the ear of the Supreme Venerable. He did not respond to the laymen's protests that the Unified Buddhist Church's creation and character had been decided without consulting them or to their charges that the monks were breaking their vows of poverty and using expensive cars and air conditioners. In retaliation the monks dissolved the laymen's association in central Vietnam, and shocked them anew with talk of violent demonstrations.

Propagandizing the Faith

The two main branches of the Unified Buddhist Church were put under the direction of the same two monks who began the agitation against Diem. One branch, the Institute for the Clergy, was run by Tri Quang, and the secular arm, the Institute for the Propagation of the Faith, by Tam Chau. This led to a profoundly significant division within the Buddhist movement. In also led to the re-

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vival, in opposition to the Unified Buddhist Church, of the General Association of Buddhism, which optimistically claims a million adherents, and the Association of Studies of Buddhism, which has a membership of intellectuals and senior Buddhist laymen and monks. However, since these groups believe that Buddhism as such should play no part in the political affairs of the state, their opposition to the political machinations of the Unified Buddhist Church is passive and ineffective.

The Institute for the Propagation of the Faith, or Vien Hoa Dao, is housed in a group of wooden barracks near the outskirts of Saigon adjoining the Allied military headquarters. It was built on a former dump, and the surroundings are squalid. Yet cabinet ministers, generals, diplomats, and businessmen regularly pass through its gates to seek advice or make deals. It has become both a marketplace and a pressure point. Hard bargains have been struck over cabinet positions and much money has changed hands there. Governments that fell out with the Buddhists eventually were themselves brought down.

The Vien Hoa Dao, organized into departments such as education, youth, laymen, propaganda, social and cultural affairs, and finance, is the Buddhist government. If its plans materialize, it could some day take over every cabinet post in South Vietnam. Premier Nguyen Cao Ky is well aware that his real battle with the Vien Hoa Dao has just begun.

"I was approached by certain venerables who agreed to stop agitation in exchange for key jobs for Buddhists in my cabinet," Ky said in Danang on May 18. "'Stay in power, you have our confidence,' these people said. And now they are attacking me. Their plan was clear. They wanted the Ministries of Information, Interior, and Defense so they could control the elections."

IN TERMS of present political organization, the most important portfolio in the Vien Hoa Dao is that of Commissioner of Youth, a post presently filled by Tri Quang's principal lieutenant, a notoriously corrupt monk named Thich Thien Minh, who on June 1 was severely wounded by a grenade thrown at his car. Thien Minh is an excellent speaker, a good organizer, and an experienced negotiator. He fought with the Vietminh against the French in central Vietnam, and was arrested as a Vietminh activist in 1950. After that war he is believed to have had connections with the Vietcong and worked in an area under Vietcong domination. In Saigon he has surrounded himself with young monks brought from Hué. Many of the novice monks are believed to be Vietcong sympathizers. Needing no identity cards, students in political difficulty can shave their heads, don a monk's robe, and find a ready refuge in the pagodas. The Badan Pagoda on the outskirts of Saigon is used quite openly by Vietcong returning from Zone D, one of their main bases northwest of the capital.

The education portfolio in the Vien Hoa Dao is also held by a follower of Tri Quang, Thich Minh Chau. His younger brother was an attaché in the North Vietnamese embassy in Peking in 1963 when Minh Chau attended a Buddhist congress there. He is not regarded as sympathetic to the Vietcong, however, and is even considered right-wing by Tri Quang's standards.

Despite the presence of such Tri Quang men in his organization, Tam Chau still controlled the Vien Hoa Dao. He had the backing of perhaps a million refugees and migrants from the North, where he was born in 1921. Tam Chau told me that he had been imprisoned by the Vietminh for three years. During the war against the French he worked with the Catholics in the southern Red River Delta as a chairman of the Religious League Against Communism. While he describes himself only as non-Communist, his associates say that he is vigorously anti-Communist. During one of several interviews I have had with him in recent years, he attacked the concept of neutrality as a solution to Vietnam's problems. "We just have to look at Laos," he said, "to see what neutrality can mean."

These are the two main and contending factions. There are also a number of uncommitted elements. One favors a neutralist policy; another is headed by Thich Quang Lien, who was educated at Yale and who has been interested at times in pushing peace moves. And finally there are the Theravada Buddhists. They have two principal leaders, one of whom is now vice-chairman of the Vien Hoa Dao and the other chief of the department of laymen and leader of the army chaplains. Late in May the support of all these groups was with Tam Chau.

POLITICS in the Vien Hoa Dao has been consistently bitter since its founding in 1964. Tri Quang, who had decided that Tam Chau was weak and pliable, supported his election as chairman and he has never ceased to regret it. At that time, the Unified Buddhist Church monks were unanimous in agreeing that Vietnam should become a Buddhist state and that other religions should be banned. Six months later, realizing the divisive effects such a program would have on the broader political scene, Tam Chau changed his mind and decided to work merely for Buddhist leadership in a society that would also find a place for the Christians and the sects. Tri Quang has never forgiven him. "Tri Quang may say he wants to make friends with other religions, but this is not true," Buddhists told me. "He believes he can turn all of Vietnam, including the North, into a Buddhist state that he will dominate."

A year after the first election, Tri Quang wanted to replace Tam Chau as chairman with his own chief lieutenant, Thien Minh, but he could not round up a majority. One way or another, Tam Chau kept his post until his resignation on June 3 and until recently had successfully beaten off Tri Quang's attempts to extend his Hué-based political organization to Saigon.

The fight between the two factions has often been vicious, not merely within the Vien Hoa Dao but in the national political arena as well. In return for Tri Quang's promise of support in the 1965 Vien Hoa Dao elections, Tam Chau agreed to back his plans for a new party, at first called the Force of Vietnamese Socialist Buddhists and later shortened by dropping the word "Socialist." Although it was to be an official Vien Hoa Dao party,

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Tam Chau's laymen were barred from the first meeting. Tam Chau reacted by instructing his ally, the Commissioner for Laymen, to form a separate political party, which was also called the Force of Vietnamese Buddhists. The situation became somewhat ludicrous and both forces were quietly dropped.

Tri Quang thereupon tried another tack. He began to concentrate on the organization of his followers in central Vietnam. The Struggle Movement was the result. It began in Hué, spread to other parts of central Vietnam, then to Dalat, and is now established in Saigon. In all areas it contains Communist elements, and in Saigon the Vietcong pull the strings.

The leader of the Saigon group disappeared about the middle of May, and reports circulated that he had been kidnapped by the police. Two of his aides (who disappeared from Saigon a year ago to escape charges that they were involved in a peace movement) are reportedly hiding out with the Vietcong.

Tam Chau had always intended to match Tri Quang's Struggle Movement with a political group of his own, but until his resignation circumstances forced him to temporize. "You may think I am exaggerating," one Buddhist told me, "but if he does not support the Struggle Movement against Premier Ky, Tam Chau's life may even be in danger."

Jockeying for Power

Since 1963, the two monks have outdone each other in political intrigues. Tri Quang once trapped Premier Nguyen Khanh into promising him a contribution of thirty million piastres. When Khanh turned up with only five million, Tri Quang looked at the gift and commented, "You misunderstand me. I didn't ask for money, but please give it to the Van Hanh university." Khanh made the gift, but from that day Tri Quang fought to get rid of him and persuaded the Vien Hoa Dao to vote unanimously for his dismissal.

That was a Tri Quang coup, but Tam Chau has had several of his own. By committing the Vien Hoa Dao without a vote of the membership, he forced Tri Quang to participate against his will in the campaign against the government of Khanh's successor, Tran Van Huong. With the fall of Huong, however, Tri Quang succeeded in gaining control of the Ministries of Finance, Economy, Education, and Social Affairs in the government of Huong's successor, Dr. Phan Huy Quat. Tam Chau found himself not only without influence inside the government but also with a challenge from Thien Minh, enriched by a government handout of millions of piastres. This time an expedient alliance between Tam Chau and the Catholics, who were even more fearful of Tri Quang's strength, brought the government down.

Inevitably, the rivalry between Tam Chau and Tri Quang spilled over into the Ky administration, which Tam Chau supported and Tri Quang opposed. Ky rewarded Tam Chau by sending him on a goodwill mission to Japan, Korea, and Formosa, and by contributing millions of piastres to the construction of new pagodas in Saigon. Tri Quang did not consult Tam Chau when he sent his Struggle Forces into action against the government in Danang in May. As his campaign developed, he presented Tam Chau with a petition against Ky to sign. "My friend," Tam Chau reportedly said, "you ask too much. If you continue to press me, I will split the church and form a committee against the division of the people." Tam Chau rose and left the room, banging the door behind him. It was never fully reopened.

The widening gulf between the rivals has been more of a setback for Tri Quang than for Tam Chau, but Tri Quang's hold on the Buddhists in central Vietnam remains as firm as ever and he is all-powerful in the Institute for the Clergy. He is surrounded by a small group of able monks, several of whom, the Tam Chau faction suspects, have some sort of association with the Vietcong. "If Tri Quang wants to put fifty thousand demonstrators into the streets of Hué, he can do it with a snap of his fingers," a Buddhist told me. "All together, in central Vietnam he can count on one to two million followers."

Tri Quang can just as easily keep demonstrators off the streets. I was in Hué when Premier Ky told a group of newspapermen in the Mekong Delta that he would remain in power for another year. Although there are forty-eight separate Struggle Committees in Hué, there was not a single spontaneous protest. Tri Quang was in consultation with Thien Minh, and Tri Quang's followers knew that no move should be made until their decision was handed down.

THREE DAYS LATER I was at the Hué airport waiting for a plane, as was Thien Minh, who was surrounded by members of the various Struggle Committees. "Tri Quang has said that he gave the Americans a pledge not to hold demonstrations," one of these young men told me. "But if the Americans do not honor their pledge on elections, then Tri Quang says that he will attack the Americans not merely on policy but on grounds of imperialism." When and if that moment comes, it will be impossible to differentiate between the Struggle Forces and the Vietcong. Even if such a development were confined to central Vietnam, it would be dangerous enough. If it were to spread through all of South Vietnam, it could have disastrous consequences.

Many Buddhists in Saigon now understand this. "No one can attack Tri Quang directly, but he can be attacked through Thien Minh," said one Buddhist layman. "Arrest the Vietcong close to Thien Minh. He is vulnerable on many grounds. He is rich, powerful, and unloved. When he had difficulty in raising demonstrators in Saigon in April, he recruited hundreds from the salt market, paying them eighty piastres a day each. Don't forget if it comes to force that Tam Chau has followers who can match Thien Minh's worst efforts in Saigon. The Railway Workers Union, the most powerful of all, is under his control, and he has twenty thousand men, some of them armed and some from the Hoa Hao sect in his 'Knights to Protect the Oppressed Peoples.'"

Another Buddhist layman urged that Tam Chau should be encouraged to form a political party of his own. "Then Tri Quang will be neutralized." "Do it with money," said a third. It now appears that Tam Chau has decided to take the plunge.

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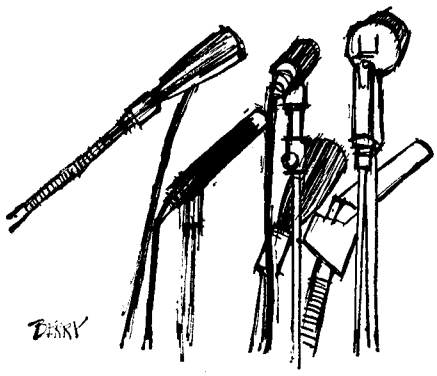

Double Feature In Byrdland

JOHN I. BROOKS

Proud old Virginia, long a symbol of political somnolence, is responding with enthusiasm this year to the rarity of a double Senatorial primary. Even more unusual, the outcome is in doubt, although one of the candidates is named Byrd.

The double election is a consequence of the retirement last November of the state's most powerful political figure of this century, Harry Flood Byrd. His son, Harry, Jr., was named to the vacated seat and must now face the voters to win the right to finish the remaining four years of his father's term. The term of Virginia's other Senator, A. Willis Robertson, expires this year, so he too is before the electorate.

Both incumbents face strong opposition in the July 12 Democratic primary, which in all likelihood will produce the winners in November's general election. Republicanism has been gaining in Virginia, but at the moment the party appears to lack attractive and willing candidates.

As recently as 1961 the Byrd-backed candidate for governor clinched the office in a primary by winning the votes of about eight per cent of the state's voting-age population. Since then, however, with the invalidation of the poll tax, there has been a dramatic increase in the number of registered voters. Negroes in particular have flocked to the registrars' offices, and the results have been spectacular. In 1964 Lyndon Johnson carried Virginia by 77,000 votes, even though Barry Goldwater polled a majority of the white vote. The total vote in the 1964 contest was thirty-five per cent greater than it had been in 1960, when Richard Nixon defeated John Kennedy in Virginia by 42,000 votes.

All of this, plus a rapid pace of urbanization, has wrought significant changes in the state's political structure, particularly in the dominant Democratic Party. To stave off a double threat by the Republicans and an ultraconservative third party, its leaders have been forced to appeal to the Negroes, to organized labor, and to many groupings of white liberals. In short, Virginia today has all the appearances of a border state in the making.

A Seat Is Not a Throne

These developments, which have many parallels in other states of the northern and western rim of the Deep South, are not fully understood in the nation at large. For instance, shortly after Harry Byrd, Jr., was appointed to succeed his ailing father, two cartoons picturing the event appeared in newspapers across the country. In one the younger Byrd was shown being crowned by his father, while in the other the son was depicted accepting with thanks a shiny new car labeled "Byrd Machine."

Things are not that simple in Virginia any more. The former Senator's machine, always known in his state as "the organization," is not the same oligarchy that V. O. Key, Jr., described seventeen years ago as "a political museum piece." The elder Byrd's faithful lieutenants do not "belong" to his son. The younger Byrd, now fifty-one but still known around the state as Little Harry, is a member of the inner circle but does not dominate it.

The new Senator faces a tough race for nomination. His opponent, Armistead L. Boothe, is a suave and articulate lawyer and former state senator from Alexandria who built a statewide following five years ago in a campaign for lieutenant governor. Running against Mills E. Godwin, Jr. (the present tenant in the governor's mansion), Boothe polled forty-five per cent of the vote—the highest percentage recorded for an anti-organization man during the thirty-five years of the Byrd ascendancy.

Today Boothe poses a genuine threat to Byrd. Though the old Senator's son has many friends around the state, he cannot work his will by picking up the telephone and passing to remote county courthouses what for years has been known as "the word." Some people who were devoted to the retired Senator do not have the same feeling for his son, and while few of these veteran organization men will defect to Boothe, they may not expend the campaigning energy they gave to the elder Byrd.

The difference between father and son is hard to define. The senior Byrd seemed to have more of the common touch than does his son. One thinks of Harry Byrd, Jr., as a black-tie banquet speaker, whereas the old man always was at his best at the annual picnic he gave for the faithful at his apple orchard. There the Senator would mount the back of a flatbed truck and serve up for his delighted listeners a repast of Roast Administration, with a side dish of Broiled Warren Court. He never failed to weave in humor tailored to his audience. In 1964 he said: "Deficits—you know—they are

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what you have when you have less than nothing," and "Legend makes a big thing out of George Washington throwing a coin across the Rappahannock River. But in foreign aid, since 1945, we have thrown $113 billion over the seven seas, and we have more unfriendly nations now than when we started."

Such a performance by Byrd's son is unthinkable. Yet there is no substantive difference between the two men. During his eighteen years in the state senate and in his career to date in Washington, Little Harry has spoken no word and cast no vote that his father would not approve of. The younger Byrd seemed to hint when he came to Capitol Hill that he might deviate from his father's path, remarking to newsmen that he had his own record to make and speaking somewhat vaguely of "progressive conservatism." But on the record so far, the old man might just as well be sitting in the seat occupied by his son.

YET it is hard to escape the conclusion that Harry Byrd, Jr., must somehow broaden his base of support. In his last race Boothe lost by 30,000 votes, a margin that could easily be overcome by the swelling Negro vote and the thousands of new white voters in the cities. Governor Mills Godwin won the top state office last fall only by forging a coalition of liberals and conservatives that included thousands of Negroes and union members. The spokesmen of these people now have a voice in the party, and many of them feel no sense of indebtedness to Byrd. To some of them, in fact, he is the symbol of the hated "massive resistance" era of 1956-1959. This policy of last-ditch opposition to the Supreme Court's school-desegregation decision locked twelve thousand Virginia children out of their classrooms for a semester in 1958, and Harry Byrd, Jr., was a principal advocate in the state senate of the policy championed by his father.

In a sense the younger Byrd is trapped by the very circumstances that put him into office. Any marked liberal swing on his part (assuming that he wished to make one, which is unlikely) would promptly be interpreted as a cynical abandonment of his father's principles. He dare not make a move that would undermine his base among conservative Democrats. If only because his name is Byrd, the new Senator is more burdened than was Godwin with the archconservative policies and oligarchical image of the machine his father headed.

Despite this, Byrd is at least even with his opponent in the bookmaking on the primary. Godwin proved last year that massive resistance is no longer a flaming issue. Himself a former supporter of the bitter-end policy, he nevertheless drew a substantial number of Negro and liberal Democratic votes. More important for Byrd, perhaps, is the fact that Virginia historically has been kind to incumbents. Not one Virginia Senator has been driven from office in this century. Nor does

history suggest that Byrd's status as an appointed Senator seriously impairs his chances: every Senator from the state since 1913, when the U.S. Constitution was amended to provide for popular election of Senators, has first come to Washington as an appointee.

Of course Byrd can be considered more than an appointee. His foes call him an inheritor of a major public office. The United States has seen many political dynasties—the Tafts, Lodges, Talmadges, and Longs are but a few recent examples—but seldom has a son been named as direct successor to his father. Furthermore, the appointment of Byrd fulfilled a prediction long made by Virginia liberals, namely that the senior Byrd would retire in mid-term so that his son could wear the mantle of incumbency in his first bid for statewide office. As it turned out, the father's retirement was dictated by true infirmity and was not the result of any cynically calculated timing. Still, the leaders of the organization must have known they were handing the son's opponent a ready-made issue.

Boothe is sure to dwell heavily on the "dynasty issue" as the campaign warms up. Already he is hitting at the old, quasi-royal power structure of Virginia, calling for "rule by the four million, not the four hundred."

Robertson the Unsung

In the other half of the double primary, the seventy-nine-year-old Robertson faces William B. Spong, Jr., a state senator from the industrial city of Portsmouth. Spong's home city is adjacent to Norfolk in the bustling area of Hampton Roads. In recent years, much of this section of the state, like Boothe's in northern Virginia, has been a center of anti-organization sentiment. The campaigns of Boothe and Spong are separate, but to the general voting public they inevitably seem to form an anti-organization ticket. Boothe has said that their campaigns will overlap, each presumably aiding the other in his home area and both seeking to capitalize on the vote potential in the Appalachian areas, where the old oligarchy has long been unpopular.

Spong, who is forty-five, is less well known around the state than Boothe, but he built a reputation several years ago when he headed a state legislative commission that investigated public education and recommended a number of reforms which have been adopted by the Godwin administration.

The political career of Robertson, which began fifty-four years ago when he went to the Virginia Democratic convention pledged to Woodrow Wilson, is one of the major ironies of the state's history. He has spent nearly all his public life in the shadow of the elder Byrd, and today, although he is the state's senior Senator, he finds his own campaign secondary in public response to that of his junior colleague. The Byrd name still draws the headlines.

An objective comparison of the achievements of the elder Byrd and Robertson in Congress shows that the scant attention paid Robertson has been an injustice. Far more

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scholarly than Byrd, Robertson worked hard to push through major legislation in the fields of banking and conservation. Byrd, on the other hand, devoted most of his time to the pursuit of waste in government and to ringing denunciations of deficit financing.

In the campaign, Robertson, who heads the Senate Banking and Currency Committee and holds an influential post on the Appropriations Committee, is relying heavily on his claim that the state needs his seniority in the Senate. He can count on the support of bankers, among whom he has considerable credit to draw on, and on a substantial segment of the old organization. But even some in Robertson's own camp acknowledge that their man lacks a statewide organization of his own that can be counted on to deliver large pluralities.

Although Robertson's voting record in the Senate nearly always has paralleled Byrd's, Robertson never was a member of the retired Senator's inner clique. It is said he won the nomination to the Senate at a 1946 convention against Byrd's wishes, and a coolness between the two men has long been discernible to those who know them intimately. This year some of the current party leaders tried to talk Robertson out of seeking a new term at seventy-nine, knowing that a younger candidate running with Byrd, Jr., would give the organization's campaign a more youthful look. But the old man heatedly refused to step down. Now Robertson and the younger Byrd have endorsed each other and are facing the fact that in the eyes of most voters they are linked as inevitably as their challengers.

Although at this stage the races look close enough to raise the possibility that one incumbent may win and the other lose, it will be surprising if there is a major difference between their vote totals. If Robertson and Byrd win, it will not change the fact that the old Virginia organization has had to undergo a major overhaul to stay in business. If they are beaten, this symbolic rejection of the old conservative leadership will serve as notice to the nation that Virginia is ready to secede from the Confederacy.

Houphouet-Boigny Wins A Bet

CLAIRE STERLING

ABIDJAN

"WE WILL MEET AGAIN in ten years," said Félix Houphouet-Boigny of the Ivory Coast to Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana in 1957, "and then we will see which of us has done better for his country." As the most conservative of African leaders speaking to the most radical, Houphouet-Boigny seemed to be making a losing bet. Nevertheless, he has won hands down.

When the challenge was made, the winds of change were just beginning to blow across Africa, carrying these two contiguous West African states in opposite directions. Ghana, freed that year from the last remnants of British rule, had chosen militant black nationalism, a controlled socialist economy, and a sharp break with the West. The Ivory Coast, already self-governing and soon to be freed entirely, had elected to remain in the western capitalist orbit under the continuing tutelage of France. The one experiment looked irresistibly attractive; the other could scarcely have looked less so.

Still, in practice political legend has proved a poor match for economic realism. Nkrumah has recently been turned out of power, and Ghana, which started out rich, is bankrupt. But President Houphouet-Boigny appears to be more securely in power than ever, and the Ivory Coast, which started out poor, is getting richer faster than any other new African state.

Considering that this country has only 3.8 million inhabitants, all but three per cent engaged in agriculture, and few professional men or trained civil servants, its progress has been spectacular. Since it became wholly independent in 1960, its revenues have doubled, while its rate of economic growth, reaching a high of 17.5 per cent in 1964, has averaged ten per cent yearly. Its industrial production has also doubled and amounts to $100 million a year. Attendance in primary schools has risen by seventy-three per cent and in secondary schools by 172 per cent. An estimated 150,000 families live on a western scale in large cities like Bouaké and Abidjan, a capital of such solid modern comforts and well-stocked shops that it is known as the Paris of Africa. Another 250,000 families, producing coffee and cocoa, have an annual income of $500, which is more than many families have in southern Europe; and the 1965 per capita income was $186 compared to $75 in Nigeria, the continent's biggest and potentially its wealthiest black state. Furthermore, the government's ten-year Development Perspectives, drawn up in 1960, are already within sixteen per cent of fulfillment. When the final goals are reached in 1970, the Ivory Coast expects to be able to dispense with foreign aid.

A Business Arrangement

Nobody here tries to hide the truth: this sensational growth has been possible only because the French have been running things. The fact is self-evident anyway. Even a casual visitor to Abidjan is struck by the unfailing presence of a French man or woman behind every hotel reception desk, teller's window, cash register, or travel-agency counter, and in government offices up to the topmost level. Most ministries are guided by French counselors and practically all industry and commerce are in French hands. Not only have the French stayed on since independence but their number has doubled—it is now thirty thousand and is increasing yearly.

This massive presence may irritate many Ivorians, but they do not find it shameful. "What we have is a straightforward business arrangement," one of them told me. "The French make money, and so do we. When the arrangement ceases to be as profitable to us as it is to them, we will change it."

Certainly President Houphouet-

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Boigny intends to change it as soon as he is sure that his people can manage on their own. Since his standards are exacting, that may take quite a while. All the same, it begins to look as if this polished statesman, the prototype of a neocolonialist in the eyes of more fanatic African nationalists, might reach a state of true emancipation before they do.

From the start, Houphouet-Boigny has refused to let dogma or sentiment cloud his view of iron necessities. The Ivory Coast had plenty of fertile soil for profitable cash crops and a quantity of diamonds, manganese, and timber. But it had no development capital and, apart from a tiny if superbly trained elite, no technicians or administrators. To fall back on socialist or nationalist doctrine under these conditions would have been "economic nonsense," in his opinion: "We have no factories to nationalize but only to create, no land to redistribute but only to reclaim, no commerce to put under state control but only to organize." Logically, he invited the French to do his organizing for him.

So did most heads of the other French-speaking African states, with nothing like Houphouet-Boigny's success. His results are largely due to the fact that he has been less timorous and more inventive than the rest.

A Cure for Ennui

No issue, for instance, has mattered so much to every African since independence as the Africanization of public and civil services. By now, nearly all black governments have surrendered to this popular demand, often against their better judgment. Until recently, however, Houphouet-Boigny would not hear of it, telling his people bluntly that while the "penury of cadres" lasted, such a policy was out of the question. Neither has he made the slightest concession to a prevailing African fashion by putting curbs on private foreign investors. On the contrary, he has given them twenty-five year tax exemptions, shielded them from state competition—the government rarely goes into business here and then only as a minority stockholder—and has seen to it that those putting money into the country can take their profits out of it. As a result, more than half of the Ivory Coast's capital requirements are met by private sources, an achievement unique on the continent.

Without actually telling these investors what to do, Houphouet-Boigny has steered them discreetly towards desirable objectives, avoiding the overambitious industrializing programs that have been so burdensome elsewhere and concentrating on the diversification of agriculture. In the past, the country was at the mercy of an erratic international market and rigid quota system for its three traditional crops: it is the world's third biggest exporter of coffee, fourth of cocoa, and fifth of bananas. Today, it is growing pineapples, rubber, rice, corn, sugar, palm oil, copra, and cotton so profitably that it hopes to cut coffee production in half by 1970. And the benefits are not just going to big foreign-owned plantations, of which there are few here. Most of the cultivating is done by small landholders who, as the main support of Houphouet-Boigny's régime, have been getting his closest attention.

Having served as a French Cabinet Minister and member of the French Chamber of Deputies for thirteen years, Houphouet-Boigny is an accomplished politician. His biggest problem, however, is not so much political as psychological. In the interests of efficiency, he has deliberately denied his people the emotional stimulants so useful to other African leaders—appeals to racial pride, angry anti-colonialism, religious mysticism, inspirational socialist slogans. The subject of this calculated experiment has been a largely illiterate country with almost no sense of national identity, bordering on the two countries with the strongest emotional charge in Africa: Kwame Nkrumah's Ghana and Sékou Touré's Guinea. While Nkrumah is gone now, the flamboyant Touré is still around to remind the Ivorians of their dull neo-colonial existence. Boredom alone might drive them into his arms some day.

As an antidote, Houphouet-Boigny has tried to get money into Ivorian pockets as quickly as possible. He has made a determined attack on the problem of low agricultural productivity, the scourge of all Africa and something he knows a lot about. And to make sure that the individual grower gets the full benefit, he has pegged coffee and cocoa purchase prices at the port-of-export level, subsidizing transport costs for inland planters at a saving to them of anywhere from 12.5 per cent to thirty per cent.

An Israeli Example

A farmer himself, the President has amassed a comfortable fortune by converting his family's lands into an ultramodern plantation whose coffee and cocoa yields are among the highest in the world. He has made his Cabinet Ministers do the same, and hit upon a simple, economical way to drive the point home in the countryside.

The idea, embodied in an organization called the Service Civique, was borrowed from the Israelis and adapted to Ivorian needs by their Israeli advisers. It is to recruit young men and women volunteers from the more backward villages, give them a year's intensive training, and then use them to train others in ever-widening circles. The girls are taught the rudiments of French, reading, writing, civics, hygiene, and domestic science. The men, settled on pilot farms, are taught farming methods as well as civics, reading, and writing. When the course is completed, the girls go back to their villages to teach their neighbors. The men are either resettled in new farming communities serving as pilot projects for the region or sent back to their villages as demonstrators, given three hectares, a house, a stable, cows, chickens, fruit trees, a vegetable patch, and whatever machinery and technical advice they need for industrial crops. Where they had been subsistence farmers before, they can expect to earn at least $330 in cash annually within three years.

The Service Civique began modestly and has trained only about six hundred men and women so far. But each of them is in a position to influence scores of others. Many have proved such quick and eager learners that their nineteen Israeli supervisors plan to go home in a year or two and leave their Ivorian apprentices in charge.

Promising a start as this may be,

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it comes nowhere near solving the problem. To instill a modern outlook, the assault must come from many sides. The government has already started a national campaign to talk the farmers into working their land eleven months in the year instead of three or four; it intends to spend $20 million on rural housing by 1970; it has allocated 21.8 per cent of the national budget—the highest proportion on the continent—for education, primarily in the interior; and it is scouring Europe and the United States for the $80 million needed to build the Bandama Dam, which could supply enough electric power to reclaim the neglected north.

Untying the Apron Strings

The dam has become a "national preoccupation," according to the new Finance Minister, Konan Bédié. The question of whether it will be built, despite the World Bank's rejection of initial and more costly plans, is not only one of keeping a long-standing promise to northern farmers. It is a test of personal prestige for Houphouet-Boigny and still more for his Finance Minister, the first Ivorian to hold this sensitive job. It is also a symbol of the Ivory Coast's quest for more authentic independence.

While the French would probably be unwilling to foot the bill for the dam in any case, they have not been asked to. For political as well as practical reasons. Houphouet-Boigny would greatly prefer to have it built by the United States. Much as he is indebted to the French, he is anxious now to ease gently away from their overriding influence.

Today, now that nearly half the school-age population is getting some education and eight hundred are getting high-school diplomas each year, there are murmurs of protest from a restricted circle of young intellectuals. So far these have been barely audible. But one of the secrets of Houphouet-Boigny's durability as head of a one-party state has been his talent as a listener.

Although there is no opposition press here and the results of elections are a foregone conclusion, the President keeps in close touch with his constituents—and a jump ahead of them—through what he calls an "internal dialogue." Using his party as a channel, he is generally aware of how the country feels about his policies and has often changed course when the feeling has run against him. At this stage, he has evidently concluded that younger and better-educated Ivorians are unlikely to accept their country's relationship with France much longer. If he does not yet consider them competent to take over from the French, he is trying to speed up preparations for the day when they can and should.

As far as education goes, his government is already doing more than any other in Africa. But a good deal might be done to shake the Ivory Coast free commercially and financially. At present, it relies on France for roughly two-thirds of its foreign trade and $40 million worth of aid a year. With its economy expanding at an impressive rate, it should be finding a larger proportion of customers, suppliers, and investors in the rest of Europe, the Middle East, Japan, and above all the United States. Despite official encouragement from President de Gaulle and his own strenuous efforts, however, Houphouet-Boigny has not been getting very far in that direction. While his country's trade with Japan has picked up of late, the French share actually rose by four per cent last year and trade with the United States declined.

In part, the cause can be traced to some of the government's French advisers who, whatever de Gaulle might say, find life too pleasant here to co-operate in preparations for their eventual departure. Their resistance is subtle, and in some cases unconscious. But it is felt.

Nobody in Abidjan—including a number of top French advisers who would like to see the Ivory Coast branch out—really understands why the United States, generous in aid to the rickety pro-Communist régime in Guinea, should take so little interest in the sturdy anti-Communist state next door—particularly since this is one of the few such states not asking for handouts. What Houphouet-Boigny wants, as he once told President Kennedy, is not aid but trade and investment. Yet we are furnishing a mere five per cent of the Ivory Coast's imports and taking thirteen per cent of its exports. Our sole investment of substance here has been in banking. (In 1965 the First National City Bank acquired a forty per cent interest in the formerly French-owned Bank of West Africa.)

Some Ivorians suggest that American businessmen have been put off by the proprietary airs of the French advisers they must deal with. But the suspicion in more sophisticated circles is that the United States has been paying inordinate attention to radical African leaders who maintain that conservative African leaders are doomed to failure from the start.

IT IS ALWAYS possible that Houphouet-Boigny will fail. His careful avoidance of nationalist fervor is obviously a strain on the Ivorians, and the very progress he is making tends to generate political pressures that may get out of hand. Nevertheless, people have been predicting his imminent fall for ten years, and he is still there. What's more, he is winning the respect and even admiration of many Africans who used to hold him in contempt. In their eyes, the test is no longer ideology but achievement.

Actually, the distinction between Left and Right has never meant much to the average African; and as the romantic era of liberation passes, the value of these labels declines. "At bottom," a West African diplomat told me, "Sékou Touré and Houphouet-Boigny are running the same kind of one-man, one-party state. The fact that one is called a leftist and the other a rightist has practically no significance. What counts is that Touré is making a mess of his country and Houphouet-Boigny is getting things done."

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Oxford Looks Beneath the Ivy

H. G. NICHOLAS

IN THE ANCIENT High Street of Oxford there stands a building, by no means ancient, known to all living graduates of the university as the place in which they took their final examinations. Here amidst the florid Jacobethan that its nineteenth-century architect judged appropriate, the following dialogue took place a year and a half ago.

CHAIRMAN: ". . . you say that at the present time any university in this country, and therefore Oxford, should have a locus of decision, unambiguous, and that what is decided in that locus of decision should be the decision of Oxford?"

SIR PHILIP MORRIS: "Yes."

CHAIRMAN: "The whole place?"

MORRIS: "Yes."

CHAIRMAN: "University and colleges all together?"

MORRIS: "Yes."

CHAIRMAN: "And that unless this is so, then Oxford is not in a position to cope with the problems which today presents to the University? Is that what you were saying?"

MORRIS: "Yes."

This was no ordinary examination, nor indeed was the Socratic interrogator any ordinary examiner. It was Lord Franks, chairman of the University of Oxford's Commission of Inquiry, cross-questioning the Vice-Chancellor of Bristol University on his views about the way Oxford governed itself. For nine months in public session, Lord Franks, flanked by the other six members of his commission, heard evidence and cross-examined witnesses, Oxonians and others, over a range of topics as diverse as the interests and problems of the university itself. Day after day, men of learning and crackpots (both genres often under the same skin) testified before their seven inquisitors, five men and two women—three "arts" men, two social scientists, and two natural scientists, a fair cross-section of the university itself. And dominating the proceedings not merely by his tall and angular presence but also by the reach, tenacity, and clarity of his intelligence was Lord Franks, moral philosopher, administrator, banker, sometime ambassador in Washington, and now Provost of Worcester College, Oxford.

The Robbins Committee

For more than four hundred years, off and on, the traditional method of examining public practices and institutions in Britain has been the device of the Royal Commission—a body of representative experts appointed by government and equipped with powers to elicit information and make recommendations for action. In the mood of pervasive unease about the nation's standards and direction that is a characteristic of the contemporary British climate, the Royal Commission has served the nation simultaneously as psychoanalyst's couch and as nonpartisan moral instructor. In recent years perhaps the most distinguished, certainly the most talked of, was the Robbins Committee on Higher Education, named after its chairman. Lord Robbins, professor at the London School of Economics.

The Robbins Committee, which reported in 1963, had as its principal recommendation a rapid expansion of higher education at college and university level, involving an increase of more than 160 per cent in student places by 1980. From this flowed an emergency program for new universities (eight have come into being since 1962) as well as the expansion of those already in existence and the upgrading of related institutions, such as technical colleges.

Robbins recognized that this expansion would mainly have to proceed elsewhere than at Oxford and Cambridge. Nonetheless, any such sweeping overhaul of the national system could not fail to have implications for the two universities that have been its traditional apex. Moreover, public attention seized quite disproportionately on such critical observations as Robbins had to make on Oxford and Cambridge—and, in accordance with that strange law which makes anything Oxonian preeminently "news," particularly on Oxford.

OXFORD (and Cambridge), to a far greater degree than any of the other younger universities that form the British system of higher education, are synthetic universities, in which the colleges, as residential *and* teaching entities, antedated and dominated the university they created. In consequence, the university was seen as a loose confederal community of scholars, a self-governing phalanstery rather than a hierarchy, a collocation of hillocks rather than a pyramid. Historically, although the colleges, like any charity, were subject to state regulation, they were private foundations, privately endowed, while the university, though hardly less dependent now on public funds than its "redbrick" counterparts, had its whole structure interfused with collegiate controls and services.

Robbins focused public attention on the disparities between the "Oxbridge" system and that of the other universities and the administrative difficulties that it presented in the financing and control of a state-endowed system of higher edu-

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cation. But Oxford (and to a lesser extent Cambridge) was also exercised by the domestic aspect of this problem: how to adapt a medieval college-based structure to the changed universe of learning and the pressures of an egalitarian society seeking access to an exclusive education. Prudence whispered that if Oxford did not tackle this problem itself, a second Royal Commission would pick it up where Robbins left off and might handle it with a degree of political animus that would result in an imposed and painful solution. Pride insisted that Oxford had at its disposal all the talent needed to out-Robbins Robbins, and to propose reforms that, however radical, would still be in keeping with its distinctive character.

Prudence and pride alike pointed to Lord Franks, a son and servant of the university whose name, to a unique degree, commanded respect both inside and outside its walls.

A Greek Democracy

The mere physical presence of the inquiry, conducted day in, day out, in the heart of the university has stimulated a self-examination, a collective stocktaking to which there has been no parallel in the life of any British university in this century. At its heart lies the democratic structure of Oxford. This manifests itself in two obvious ways. First, each constituent college governs itself, with the Fellows (the teaching staff) electing their own head (variously entitled Warden, Master, etc.) and also filling vacancies in their own ranks, employing themselves, selecting their students, determining their own lecture courses. Second, the university, a loose federation in which the colleges are constituent states, has as its parliament an assembly of all M.A.s (full teaching graduates) called Congregation, to which all major proposals are submitted for public debate and vote. The M.A.s also elect a Council, known as Hebdomadal because of its practice of weekly meetings, which serves as a kind of part deliberative, part executive cabinet. At the head of Council is the Vice-Chancellor; his office, held only for two years, rotates among the college heads. A modest civil service, headed by the Registrar (often, indeed, a Whitehall-trained civil servant), provides the necessary administrative expertise and continuity.

Elective, constitutional, and democratic as this system is, the description given above exaggerates the amount of centralized decision making. Wherever possible, the university likes to break down and share out the job of overseeing its constituent parts, of filling its various posts, of exercising its various adjudicative roles. As the Registrar explained it to the commission: "The

committees here do work which in any government department, as in business, would be done by an individual."

Two developments pose a threat to this Greek democracy. The first is the growth inside the university itself of the large scientific department. (Oxford has, for example, the largest chemistry department in Britain.) The collective character of scientific research, with its inclination to the leadership principle, makes it hard to preserve in the scientific faculties of the university the same anti-hierarchal principle that rules the arts. Since the sciences have now burst the bounds of the college system and are almost exclusively administered by the university, "states' rights" in this area are going down before expanding federal power. Secondly, as Oxford becomes only one university in a large system, as it draws its income increasingly from Treasury sources, as competition mounts for a share of the scarce national resources available for research, especially in the scientific field, the question is insistently pressed home: Can Oxford's internal democracy be combined with its claims to leadership, and with the demands made on it from without? It was to this question that the Vice-Chancellor of Bristol (a pyramidal, centralized university) had returned the firm negative in his exchange with Franks quoted above. It was on this that Robbins had conspicuously thrown suspicion in his report.

LINKED to academic democracy is academic freedom—freedom, that is, vis-à-vis the state, which both fosters and by its inescapable nature threatens, however subtly, the community of free inquiry. Has Oxford become too dependent on public funds? Is the independence of its colleges (which receive no direct grant from the state) excessive or inadequate? Does their emphasis on the high-quality teaching of a limited number of privileged undergraduates in an intimate residential community conflict with that expansion of facilities for the many to which Britain is now committed? There are powerful potential pressures here, and a conflict between the pursuit of excellence which all profess and the groundswell of envy which few escape. It is complicated too by the competition for talent between "Oxbridge" and the rest, so that at one and the same time the older universities find themselves criticized for not opening their doors to talent irrespective of origin and for skimming all the cream off the national pool of ability.

Finally there are the mounting claims of graduate study, traditionally less organized in Britain than in America. Now, however, with expanding specialisms that cannot be accommodated in undergraduate courses, there is a growing national awareness of the need for more research in every field. But how can this be accommodated in a univer-

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sity in which, like a Greek city-state, geography and democracy seem to set certain rigid limits to size? And how is the graduate to be catered for within a residential system that is still basically geared to the undergraduate college of tradition?

This catalogue of Oxford's problems and the commission's probings is far from exhaustive. Every sort of complaint, for over twelve months, was brought to Lord Franks—Oxford's inadequate provision for tourists, the desirability of a university school of architecture, the need for a permanent university chamber orchestra, the future of the tutorial system. The procession of witnesses reads like a modern *Canterbury Tales*—eighteen parents who wanted Oxford to resume "her task of character building," the South Midlands District Committee of the Communist Party, "a group of librarians," "eighteen students of English," the Trades Union Congress, the Student Christian Movement, the University Grants Commission, the Association of Head Mistresses, the Oxford City Council. The information accumulated and analyzed by the commission probes every aspect of the university's life.

The Recommendations

The report of the commission has proved to be a substantial document —two volumes of close print, the first devoted to the report proper, some 200,000 words, the second containing a wealth of statistical and tabulated material on every aspect of the university. No one can any longer complain that Oxford is "obscure." It's all in "Franks."

The recommendations of the report must cause surprise, at first, by their diversity. The 170 itemized proposals range from trivia which, it might reasonably be thought, were hardly an appropriate concern of such great minds—as whether the colleges should provide their Fellows with breakfast free of charge (recommendation No)—to central issues of substance, such as the size of the university (a figure of 13,000 is proposed). They cover the admissions system, the teaching system, the staffing of the university, its government, and its financing. What central concepts inform this far-ranging set of injunctions?

Essentially they are two. The first is the need for public accountability. Oxford must not only do justice to the nation's needs; the justice must also be *seen* to be done. In this sense the report not only advocates improved public relations for the university; it is itself an exercise in public relations. The second is the need for organizational efficiency, for equipping Oxford to take conscious decisions, to take them reasonably quickly, and to relate them each to each as parts of a long-term educational policy.

From these two basic principles most of the report's recommendations logically flow. From the first comes a renewed attack on an old front, the devising of a system of undergraduate admissions that will guarantee that Oxford's recruitment of talent is not distorted by the social bias still inherent in the nation's secondary-school system. By deliberately allocating about a fifth of its total admissions to students who have not had the traditional three years of specialized Sixth Form work, the university is to open its gates to "promise as well as performance"—i.e., to the gifted but less well taught. Similarly, by abolishing all the scholarship awards that tied a place at some college to the products of some school or the residents of some county, the university is to eliminate the last (or so one hopes) suspicion that it is the private preserve of any class or section.

The other half of the recommendations relates to organization. The university is to double the Vice-Chancellor's present tenure to four years, and it is authorized to recruit him not merely from among the heads of colleges, as at present, but from any member of the university who recommends himself to a powerful nominating committee. The Hebdomadal Council is to be strengthened as an executive as well as a deliberative body, while Oxford's "parliament," Congregation, would be confined to issues of more general principle.

The colleges are to be equipped with a new organ of deliberation and expression, a Council of Colleges that will also be represented on the Hebdomadal Council. A student of federalism may find puzzling the exact role of an interstate body halfway between the states and the union, but Franks's object is to strengthen the colleges by giving them "a strong collective voice."

On the strictly academic side the faculties of the university are to be reduced to five, so as to reverse the proliferation of isolated specialist empires. This is with a view to organizing more intensively the university's systems of instruction, particularly on the postgraduate level, where the college structure is patently inadequate. This step is linked to a strong recommendation for an increased number of graduate students; an Oxford is envisaged in which graduates will account for thirty per cent of the student body. Nor is Franks silent on the directions of expansion; they are the natural, the applied, and the social sciences. ". . . there must be a standstill in Arts."

IT MAY BE THOUGHT that a report that rests on the twin pillars of public accountability and organizational efficiency reflects the spirit of the age more faithfully than the spirit of Oxford. Public relations and streamlined decision making have not previously been thought to lie at the heart of the idea of a university as, for example, Newman entertained it. But before the report is too harshly criticized for thus explicitly addressing itself to these areas of public criticism, due note must be taken of those parts of the iceberg which lie below the surface of the headlines. If the recommendations relate less to academic values than to academic ways and means, it is because the committee essentially accepts the Oxford it finds and seeks only to preserve and improve it. In this sense, in its retention of the collegiate structure, in its reaffirmation of the values of Oxford's tutorial system, in its conviction that Oxford can reform its machinery without installing permanent official overlords, the report may be seen as essentially conservative. For this it will be both praised and blamed. But after Franks, no one will any longer be able to pretend that the problems of a traditional university in a changing and democratic society have not been fully probed and exposed, or a possible set of solutions propounded.

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Chicken!

DANIEL GORDON

A BACHELOR AGAIN, Paul Struver had more time to worry about the world and what to do for it. In addition to the New York *Times* and the *Wall Street Journal,* he read a large number of weekly and monthly magazines, with the result that he lived in a warm bath of indignation. His conscience troubled him more and more. Yet he could never figure out what to do—except talk. The least a man could do was to arouse others, make them unhappy too. Fortunately, Struver was a salesman and met many people each day.

He was talking to a customer one day, the manager of a diner on Times Square, when a great truth was revealed to him out of his own mouth. Often his most striking, productive ideas came from that source.

"Well, Paul," said the manager, "how are things in Southeast Asia? Lousy as usual? And let's not forget Latin America."

"People are fighting and dying," said Struver. "Don't comfort yourself with jokes."

"I once read that every time I breathe someone dies somewhere. Do you want me to stop breathing? I can only promise not to take deep breaths. You know something? The old idea is still the best one. Get rid of the generals and politicians and you'll stop war."

This annoyed Struver, precisely because until that moment it had been his own lifelong opinion, though solidly founded on more profound, subtle reasoning than this buffoon could achieve. Loftily, he said, "If you had studied this the way I have—"

"Who would have the strength?" murmured the manager.

"—you would realize that stupid as the generals and politicians may be, they are the only ones who accomplish anything, good or bad. Everyone else only blabs and worries."

"Killing, that's what they accomplish."

"OF COURSE!" cried Struver in triumph. Years of argumentation had made him adept at seizing an opponent's words and flinging them back into his teeth. "And that's exactly the difference between you and the people who run the world. You're afraid of a little blood. They can kill, but you can't."

The manager went red at the insult. "And you? You couldn't squash a cockroach. I know your kind. You'd starve before you would slaughter a chicken."

"When was the last time *you* killed a chicken?" Struver demanded.

"Never mind!" the manager snapped. "Take out your goddamned pencil. Give me a gallon soap, two dozen cakes deodorizer, twenty packages towels, twenty rolls." And as Struver dignifiedly wrote the order, pleased with himself, the manager said, "Killer Struver, king of the toilet-paper salesmen!"

Since it was not the first time in his life that he had had to endure abuse, Struver was already secure in the possession of a philosophy of nonviolence that enabled him to leave the restaurant with majestic calm, a man of peace disdaining brutality. Nevertheless, he was thinking unphilosophically of the marvelous satisfaction of hitting the manager in the face with his briefcase. Just as Struver was dutifully pushing this violent image out of his mind, his mouth opened and spoke: "But that's just what I should have done. No one would dare talk like that to a killer!"

So it was, out of his own oracular mouth, while two loungers attached to the store front waited eagerly to hear more, that Struver came to the realization that it was not his station in life but his personality that kept him from shaping the world to his taste. "What is power," he asked himself silently, to the disappointment of his audience, "but the ability to kill when it becomes necessary? If a man has this ability he is ready to take things into his own hands. Thus empires are founded or destroyed."

A man who has been entirely pacific all his life can have as bloody an imagination as a prizefight fan, probably more so, and Struver's mind, always quick to race toward ultimate conclusions, immediately created a field littered with headless, fragmented corpses, with himself diminishing in the distance but still swinging a dripping machete, or perhaps it was a submachine gun. For a moment he faltered, aghast at the implications. But then he began to reason with himself very firmly. The ability to kill, not killing itself, was the necessary iron in the soul. Strong men ruled by being *willing* to

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kill. Blood was incidental, dispensable. It was a matter of personality.

Struver was a humanist. That is, he believed in human perfectibility. If you set your mind to it you could learn anything. Even how to kill. In essence it was a matter of training the will, imposing a new habit on it.

And a habit could be formed with the first act, with one killing.

AT FIRST he decided he would kill his sister's cat. Struver had been living with his sister's family for several weeks, since the death of his wife, and the cat had been annoying him with its persistent efforts to share his bed. It was an ugly beast, and its unstable temper made the children avoid it. But Struver rejected this victim. First of all, there would be a fuss, because this pet which scratched furniture, bit the children, and regularly puked up hairballs and worms on the rugs was "almost human" and "a member of the family." Secondly, it was unprincipled to kill something merely because he had a personal dislike for it. Killing as a political art should have no taint of the personal.

After rapidly enumerating the animals more or less available for his self-instruction and dismissing the more obvious ones—stray dogs because they might bite, mice and rats because they were ugly, pigeons because they were hard to catch—Struver recalled the restaurant manager's taunt. A chicken! Such a victim had several merits. It was easily obtainable and as easily disposable, in the alimentary tract, its death thus serving a useful purpose. Politics should have a useful purpose. And who ever heard of anyone having personal feelings about an uncooked chicken?

In a store near Chatham Square they sold live chickens. Most of the floor space was occupied by stacks of cagelike crates in which chickens were so tightly crammed together that Struver could make out only what seemed to be a compact mass of feathers stationary above innumerable shuffling, treading claws. A disembodied gabbling, scratching sound surrounded the cages, and feathers floated everywhere, as if supported by the thick stench. Some cages made of metal held rabbits, their fur a clean white and tan.

Faced with a roomful of prospective victims, Struver stared unhappily at the chickens and rabbits. Crushed together in the cages, they seemed already to have suffered great torments. Timidly he poked a finger into the haunch of a rabbit, and the rabbit, inert until then, its eyes like glass marbles, immediately kicked out powerfully. The leg that rapidly unfolded from under its crouched body thumped so heavily against the cage that it shuddered, and Struver leaped back frightened. He had better stick to chickens.

BEHIND a galvanized-iron counter on which lay the corpses of many chickens sat a woman engaged in tearing the feathers off a chicken over a wooden barrel half full of feathers. She was small, round, soft, a little grandmother. There was blood all over her apron, and chicken down, tinged red in spots, clung to her face and braided hair.

"I want a chicken," said Struver hesitantly.

"Soup, fryer, roaster?" the woman said briskly without looking up. Struver was struck dumb. After a while she looked up and smiled encouragingly. "Take a hen. That way you can have soup, if you like soup."

"All right, a hen," said Struver breathlessly. Although he had chosen a chicken for his discipline in killing partly because it could be disposed of in a certain manner, he had not till this moment actually coupled together the image of a chicken dead by his hand with the image of the same chicken lying boiled or fried before him on a plate. It had been words only.

"Five pounds all right?" she asked.

Struver nodded, trying confusedly to remember how large a five-pound chicken would be. In a pot it had no legs, no head, no feathers. . . . He felt sick. The woman was fingering and hefting the corpses on the counter as if trying to detect signs of life. From the tangled heap of drab feathers she finally yanked out a large limp brown cadaver whose head dangled from the nearly severed throat. The woman leaned across the counter and waved the thing before Struver's face, inviting him to approve.

"A good fat one," she said.

He inched back. "No, I want a live one. I'll kill it myself," he said softly.

"You?" She looked intently at his face, then dropped her gaze to his chest, as if examining the quality and condition of his clothes or, perhaps, of his heart. She took note of his briefcase with a wrinkling of her little nose in its direction. Then she shrugged, scratched her head. "Watch out for the lice," she said.

The hen she extracted from a crate, after a brief skirmish that threw all the chickens into uproarious panic, squawked and struggled until she deftly slipped a noose of twine around its legs and slammed it into the pan of a scale, silencing it abruptly. "Six pounds. You want smaller?"

"No, no, that's fine," Struver said quickly, looking away. "Will you wrap it up, please."

THE WOMAN had already lifted the huge bird out of the scale. She stood as if stunned, while the chicken, upside down, shrieked raggedly. "Wrap it up?" she said indignantly. "Mister, people they come, pick out a chicken, crrrrk, it's killed, poof-pahf, it's cleaned, and then it's meat, so we wrap in a bag. But, Mister, where we going to wrap this?" And she swung the prisoner as if about to let it fly into Struver's face.

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"But you sell live chickens?" he managed to say, retreating.

"Well," she said, and then stopped to muse, her fingers to her cheek. "Live but dead. We sell live, we kill, the customers take dead. Good and fresh." She twinkled her eyes at him, coaxing. "What you going to do with a live chicken? Your wife can kill chickens?"

Struver's glance, seeking to escape hers, now fell on a burlap bag lying in a corner. "There," he said, "we can put the chicken in that. I'll pay for the bag."

Without a word but with plainly translatable shrugs and twitches of the mouth, the woman roughly slung the chicken into the sack, took Struver's money, and handed him the sack. The chicken was quiet. "It's not dead already?" cried Struver, and he opened the sack. The chicken screamed.

"Lice!" the old woman called after him as he left. "Don't forget. Lice!" And when he had gone a few steps down the street she came trotting after him. "Mister, the chicken gets too noisy, maybe in the subway—you live uptown, no?—you take her like this by the neck," and she reached into the sack and seized the hen, "and give a squeeze. Shuts up." She hauled the chicken out and throttled it.

Horrified, Struver shouted, "Stop, you'll kill it!"

"A little squeeze," she replied, and she dropped the chicken into the sack. Puffs of down marked her flight back to the store.

THE STENCH of the store seemed to travel with Struver. In his perturbation he did not at once perceive that the sack and the chicken were emitting the effluvium. The smell worsened, seeming to gain in strength each time a passerby sniffed and stared. He halted, undecided where to go. He had thought he would take the chicken home. His sister and her husband were in their candy store, and the children were at school. When they came home, he had thought, he would have a fresh chicken ready to be. . . . He did not want to think of that now. He sniffed cautiously, holding the chicken in the sack level with his nose but some inches away. He would have to kill it elsewhere.

Until now he had considered only vaguely the method of slaughtering the chicken, having settled the principle easily enough. Killing was, after all, a simple mechanical matter; thousands of chickens were killed each day without much fuss;

it was only the moral or the emotional aspect of killing that took strength. Butchers, of course, had no need of such strength, having no intellectual or political stake in their work. It was like ordinary people living and breathing all day long without the slightest effort or doubt. But a man of principle, a man who read the papers and knew what was going on, had to struggle all day with his mind and his conscience to justify his remaining alive. How many mornings had not Struver awakened to a grim battle with something that told him he might as well give up and die?

Struver jiggled the sack, and the chicken, very heavy and large for its six pounds, squirmed and began to shriek. Frightened, Struver patted the sack delicately, deprecatingly. The prisoner gurgled agonizedly. Alarmed, Struver dropped the sack.

The chicken was silent and motionless, and Struver wondered hopefully if it was dead.

It wasn't.

At a hardware store he bought a large pocket knife after much pondering over all sizes and types of knives and much curious prompting from the clerk. Struver might have said simply, "I want a knife I can kill a chicken with." But it seemed to him that the explanation might only prolong the process, and also he feared that he might be offered advice. Preposterous that a killer should need coaching, and embarrassing.

The clerk sniffed and snorted repeatedly as he talked to Struver, and once he leaned over the counter to eye Struver's baggage. Fortunately, the chicken remained quiet after Struver had dumped the sack on the floor with deliberate force, and Struver himself, neatly dressed and with a briefcase tucked under his arm and looking very thoughtful (for he was sickly wondering if he had broken the chicken's bones), inspired confidence.

With the knife in his briefcase and the sack held carefully away from his legs and with his skin crawling with premonitions of lice, Struver walked toward the river. He kept his head down, anxious to see no one and thus be unseen. Whenever he passed a covey of women encamped on a sidewalk with their baby carriages, the chicken, prompted by some diabolical intuition, screamed softly and plaintively. Struver hurried on as if engaged in a kidnapping.

THE ONLY PIER that was open on South Street and had no ship berthed alongside it was occupied by a small old man who was fishing for eels. Four of his lines went down into the black oily water, each held by a large upright pin fastened to the edge of the wooden pier. As Struver, too tired to seek perfect privacy, walked onto the pier, a small bell atop one of the pins tinkled, and the pin bent with the straining line. The fisherman put aside the sandwich he was eating and went to yank in the line. A long thin eel flew up from the river, and the old man seized the frantic, tautly wriggling creature, expertly extracted the hook from its mouth, and then swung the eel by the tail and bashed its head on the pier flooring. The eel whipped its body straight, seemingly full of defiant, indestructible life, and then immediately drooped. The old man tossed the limp eel into a paper box and without wiping his hands took up his sandwich again. He nodded to Struver, who had never dreamt that he could be so concerned over the death of an eel; he almost retched.

Struver turned away and hesitantly walked to the farthest corner of the pier. Leaning against a bollard, he realized he was very tired and that his heart was pounding heavily, sickeningly. He dropped the sack and laid his briefcase down, but sev-

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eral feet from the sack, a prophylactic distance. The old man had turned to stare at him, and Struver carefully kept his back toward him and took long slow breaths to calm himself.

He stood over the sack for several minutes, gazing blindly at the Brooklyn shore and at the sparse river traffic, refusing to think about the task before him. Then the chicken, sufficiently restored, began again to cluck and screech. The old man's footsteps came pattering over an instant afterward.

"Hey, what you got there, Mister?"

Struver sighed, answering nothing.

"A chicken, I bet," said the old man eagerly, after listening with an ear cocked connoisseur fashion. "What you going to do with it?"

Struver said nothing, and the old man repeated his question. Struver became angry. "Kill it, you snoop!" he shouted.

"You don't have to yell," the old man said, and Struver, who normally prided himself on his courtesy, which was the strength of the philosopher, felt ashamed.

"On the other hand," Struver thought a moment later, while the old man continued to sulk, "what is courtesy but the refuge of the weak, the governed?" He turned full-face toward the old man and said commandingly, "Go away and stop snooping!"

THE OLD MAN was silent but stood his ground. Then his foot slid forward and nudged the sack, provoking an outburst from the chicken. "So when you going to do it?" he asked, and his foot again prodded the captive.

"Maybe I'll wait till the moon comes out!" cried Struver.

The old man crackled. "Scared?... Here, let me, I'll do it. Easy." He made a motion with his hands of snapping the bird's neck.

"I can kill it myself," Struver said.

"All right, do it." The old man was smiling teasingly.

"Do it, why don't you?"

Struver wanted to throw the sack into the old man's face, but the impulse died at once; he never did such things. Turning from the old man, he knelt and pulled the new knife out of the briefcase and opened it fumblingly, unable to look directly at the instrument of execution. Then he was motionless, his mind rolling in sick spasms.

The old man reached out a hand and cautiously felt the edge of the blade. He chuckled. "Only way you could kill anything with that thing is make him swallow it. Won't cut for nothing."

Again turning from the old man, Struver felt the edge. It was dull. The old man had danced around him and was now peering into Struver's face with a wide grin of rotten teeth. "Gimme it here and I'll sharpen it on a stone. Then we slice that there bird's head right off."

"No!" Struver shouted, and he threw the knife into the river. He scooped up the sack and the briefcase, and ran home.

ITS LEGS still tied, the chicken twitched and heaved, slithering over the floor of the bathtub. In the small scrubbed white-tiled room the odor was much sharper, and Struver, desolately regarding the chicken, scratched at itches erupting all over his body. He must have picked up some of the lice. The chicken's eyes, luminous with yellow wickedness, glared at him alternately, one eye always uppermost no matter how the creature turned. It didn't seem to be frightened.

It was two o'clock. Struver had an hour to do his murder before the children came home.

The cat would not interfere. Struver heaved a sigh, wishing, wishing—he didn't know what he wished. The cat was in hiding under the couch in the living room. Struver had anticipated difficulty with the cat, thinking that the vicious carnivore would attack the chicken and destroy it before Struver could. But upon Struver's entrance into the apartment with the noisome, obstreperous sack, the cat had cringed after a few timid, exploratory sniffs and had backed away very quickly into its refuge. . . . It was up to Struver.

He stood over the bathtub thinking his thoughts, not looking at the chicken. Plucking the chicken would be a formidable task, he calculated, circumventing the thought of what must come before that. After examining his wristwatch carefully a number of times to ascertain that the hands continued to move toward three o'clock, he sighed once again and went to the kitchen for a knife. He found a sharp paring knife, and he returned slowly to the bathroom. Once there, the knife held behind him, away from the chicken's burning stare, he decided to change his clothes. In his room it took him ten minutes and many more sighs to select suitable attire for the butchery. When he was dressed, he began distractedly to look for a safe place in which he could quarantine the clothes he had removed.

At last he had to face his victim once more. He stood before the bathtub, and he became suddenly—like a cheerleader urging on a losing team—very jolly but urgent. "Come now, this is not a chicken," he said aloud; "this is a principle." And then, giving himself no further opportunity to argue, he lunged vehemently, grabbing the chicken with one hand and poising the knife with the other.

BUT the knife could not descend. All feeling had vanished from that arm and hand. For a brief moment the chicken was silent, but then, as if it had recognized its peril, it uttered a high scream. Struver himself let out a cry and dropped the chicken. Instantly the chicken was silent. Struver heard nothing but his own gasping.

Nerving himself again, Struver leaned over quickly and placed a restraining hand on the chicken where it lay. Then, gritting his teeth ferociously, he stabbed downward with the knife, closing his eyes at the last moment. The knife blade struck the bottom of the tub and broke off, and Struver fell forward, bumping his forehead on the wall above the tub. The chicken lay still, evincing no alarm. It gabbled quietly.

Struver bathed his forehead with cold water at the sink, slowly, carefully, unwilling to turn back to the tub. For the first time since his purchase of the chicken he permitted himself to think about the task he had set himself. Did he really have to kill the chicken?

"It's not as if I am a man who takes pleasure in killing," he said to himself in the mirror over the basin. "On the other hand, I'm not afraid. No, if it were really nec-

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essary, if, for instance, that chicken attacked me, I wouldn't hesitate a moment. After all, killing is a moral attitude, and when the necessity arises, you take the attitude."

The chicken crooned.

Struver straightened, still facing himself in the mirror. "Crap," he said softly. "Stop this rationalizing. Wring the chicken's neck!" And he almost leaped into the bathtub, his hands outstretched. But his hands stopped well short of the target, and he found himself thinking that the bird's beak was a dangerous apparatus.

It occurred to him that a chicken could not swim. Or, even if chickens could swim, this one couldn't with its legs tied. He turned on both faucets full force. Let it drown! He would kill it without touching it. The principle was the same; witness the hangman.

As the water began to swirl around the chicken, it started screaming again and flopping around violently. Soon Struver was splashed from head to foot, and the bathroom walls were streaming. And the chicken's legs were free! Hoarsely trumpeting its wrath and perhaps also its triumph, the chicken fluttered its wings in a shower of spray and leaped up almost level with Struver's eyes. It was attacking! He jumped back, falling through the bathroom doorway. He sprang up and slammed the door shut, and from behind the door came the roaring of the water and the vengeful scolding and boasting of his antagonist.

WHEN Struver ventured to open the door again, he had a length of heavy cord on his hands. It was two-thirty. The chicken was parading around the bathroom unconcernedly, while steam hung in a cloud over its head. As Struver entered, the chicken scurried behind the toilet bowl, and its manifest fear heartened him. He turned off the water and then got on his knees before the toilet, as if in prayer. Clenching his jaws and trying to hold his breath against the augmented stink of the drenched feathers and guarding himself against drowning in the bowl, Struver encircled the bowl with his groping arms and grabbed blindly.

They tussled on the floor for almost a minute, until feathers lay everywhere, and Struver, exhausted and bleeding from numerous scratches on hands and face, was the victor. His cord was looped not only around the chicken's legs but also its neck, and only a muted gurgling passed through the constricted throat. Breathing noisily but feeling quite elated, Struver flung the captive into the drained tub with lordly nonchalance, though he couldn't help shuddering in sympathy as the chicken crashed heavily on the hard bottom. It flopped over sluggishly, and then lay unmoving, weary, daunted.

But still alive.

Struver's exuberance dwindled swiftly as he saw Mount Everest still looming before him. Cursing the chicken—"You damned vicious brute!"—in order to work himself up, Struver went to the kitchen for another knife, a big one. He would not let himself be defeated. He would kill. Kill in rage if need be, though cold blood was more political. He would not merely slit the bird's throat; he would decapitate it with a stroke of his sword.

To hold the sacrifice still, Struver found another length of cord. He made a noose in the middle and slipped it over the chicken's head. One end of the cord he fastened to a faucet, the other he kept in his hand. He jerked the cord, and the bird, its squalling muffled and faint, was yanked nearly upright, held by the noose. Struver poised his long heavy knife, He swung it experimentally over the chicken's head, carefully noting the amount of clearance between the knife and the wall. He made several more practice swings.

FINALLY, he pulled the cord firmly to hold the head motionless, and he clamped shut both his eyes and his teeth, and he swung the knife. The knife flew from his hand, the chicken screeched briefly, and he opened his eyes and his mouth with a sobbing cry. But there on the bottom of the bathtub lay the chicken's head, severed by the cord.

Struver stared down at the lethal cord in his hand. The knife lay on the floor, unstained. The cat, having emerged from its hiding place, admired the blood splattered on the floor. It rubbed against Struver's leg; it was most friendly, for once. Tears mixed with blood ran down Struver's face. He was a killer.

Sandal

Here is mine,
latest in a long line—
machine-made, but still an arch
answer to the long march
a foot makes: empty straps, a thong
and a sole, keeping the shape, the strong
thrust of five traveling toes.
We find sandals in tombs, frail curios,
footprints with nothing inside,
skeletons of a stride.

—NANCY PRICE

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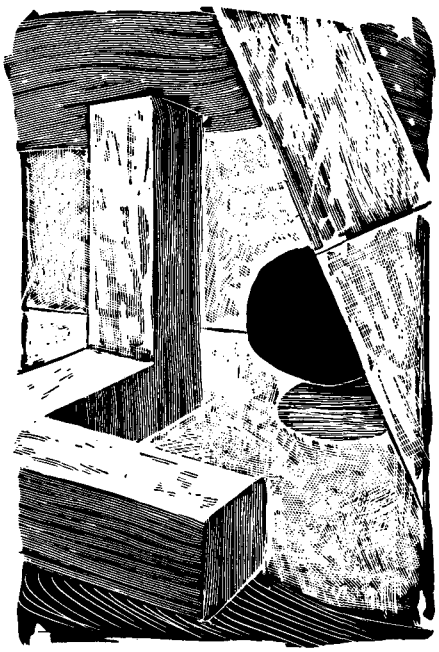
Are They Trying To Tell Us Something?

JAY JACOBS

My young son accompanied me on one of a series of recent visits to New York's Jewish Museum, where an exhibition of avant-garde sculpture called "Primary Structures" is being held. There we saw a work made up of three colored plywood slabs by Lyman Kipp, an arrangement of ordinary fluorescent lights by Dan Flavin, and a number of other rather stolid-looking objects that closely resembled his own building blocks. In each instance when he reacted with "What's so great about this? I could do it myself," I murmured a vague demurrer that seemed to be accepted on a provisional basis. When we reached a piece called "Lever," however, the *chef d'œuvre* of one Carl Andre, which consisted in its entirety of a straight thirty-foot-long row of standard buff-colored firebricks, I was informed by my son (he is eight years old) that he not only *could* do the same thing but *had* done it—and early in his career at that. His claim might have delighted the artist, who is on record as having said, "I make sculpture that anyone can do."

For better or worse, a primary—if not the chief—function of today's with-it art museum is trend-spotting, an activity closely allied to, and often indistinguishable from, taste making. Last year's most noticeable trend, Op, was spotted officially by the Museum of Modern Art, and legitimized in a ceremonial orgy of retinal assault entitled "The Responsive Eye." But induced eyestrain, as soon became apparent, was only the fad of the moment (although the Russo-Frenchman Victor Vasarely, who was turning out a low-keyed brand of Op long before the term was coined, may eventually be recognized as a painter of lasting consequence).

"Primary Structures" is devoted to the most recent trend—a style (or, rather, a somewhat similar group of styles) known variously as "reductive art," "minimal art," "ABC art," "non-art," and "anti-art." The practitioners of the new art, incidentally, are not given to the use of labels, a practice that the culture heroine of their generation, Susan Sontag, calls "the perennial human substitute for thinking." This avoidance of labels coincides



with their desire for individual anonymity, and with the impersonal, somewhat anonymous character of the works themselves.

The show at the Jewish Museum—which, after the Judson Memorial Church, is just about the swingingest religio-cultural institution in town—brings together the work of forty-two British and American sculptors whose average age is just under thirty-two, whose formal education is probably more extensive than that of any previous generation of artists, and whose creations, although disparate, have a number of tendencies in common. These include an almost aggressively "cool," enigmatic appearance and an altogether aggressive disposition to eat up large quantities of the space that the spectator normally considers to be his own purlieu. The question that seems automatically to arise in confrontation with these pieces is not the Philistine's proverbial "What is it?" but rather "Why is it?"—and, more specifically, "Why is it here, where I'm trying to be?"

The new art also features a widespread use of flat, often banal color; an extreme simplicity, if not downright bluntness, of form; an absence of surface texture, patination, or any inflection whatever, which results in an untouched-by-human-hands appearance; an eschewal of the use of the traditional pedestal, both in actuality and by implication; a reliance on purely conceptual notions of what the finished piece should be, as distinguished from a dependence on "talent," emotional involvement, manual dexterity, or biographical or other referential notation (indeed, much of the work could be duplicated exactly by a reasonably skilled artisan working from the briefest of written specifications). Also, the new artists specialize in the use of a variety of materials that hardly fit traditional concepts of what sculpture should be made of; no marble or other stone is used, bronze is anathema, and little wood (except plywood) is in evidence. Such substances, however, as Formica, Fiberglas, Plexiglas, plate glass, aluminum, galvanized steel, linoleum, canvas, Masonite, chipboard, polyester resin, and all manner of high-gloss industrial finishes abound.

Despite the presence of so many commercial materials and the widespread use of commercial techniques (as well as commercial craftsmen, who in many cases actually put the finished product together), the new art is decidedly noncommercial. That is to say, it lacks the easy, ingratiating fun-and-games quality that made both Pop and Op so acceptable to the public. Moreover, much of the new art is eminently unsalable, being too perishable for outdoor display and too large and too obtrusive for convenient installation indoors. Who, for example, would want to live with Ronald Bladen's three massive, ten-foot-high, precariously canted slabs? Besides, it doesn't easily lend itself to commercial exploitation, as did Pop and Op. The mind boggles at the idea of a dress designer trying

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to adapt to his own ends, say, Robert Grosvenor's cantilevered, V-shaped "Transoxiana," which occupies some ten yards of airspace as the crow flies. (I should say *most* minds boggle at the idea: one young chick arrived at the opening of the exhibition with her head and legs sticking out of what might easily have been mistaken for one of the slablike works on view.)

ADMITTEDLY, the exhibition—which was conceived by Kynaston McShine, the museum's young West Indian curator of painting and sculpture—is marred by a lack of real definition that results in a good deal of inconsistency. It is difficult, for example, to see why such romantic sculptors as Tom Doyle (whose "Over Owl's Creek" is an undulating ramp or bridge designed to be walked upon) and David von Schlegell (whose elegant "Wave" is far too exquisitely modulated for the company it keeps here) were included. Or why, if Peter Phillips's candy-striped ribbons are displayed, Sven Lukin's more rigorous (and earlier) wall-to-floor variations on a similar theme are not. Also, there is a general tendency in the work of the British participants to look somewhat finicking, if not positively Baroque, in comparison with the numbing simplicity and architectural scale of most of the American pieces.

These objections aside, the show strikes me as the most important by far of all the recent attempts at trend spotting. Painting—at least, painting applied to a two-dimensional rectangular surface—has, in the opinion of many knowledgeable denizens of the art world, more or less had it for the next few years at least. More and more painters are turning to three-dimensional means of expression, and sculpture no longer is art's stepchild, as it has been since the emergence of easel painting.

Of course, it is not likely that the new art will find the instant acceptance that the last couple of trends enjoyed, both for the reasons I've mentioned and others that go a bit deeper. For one thing, the public at large is not about to admit that art can in fact *be* art in an absence of handicraftsmanship, however anachronistic handicraftsmanship may have become in today's economy. For another, the popular notion of the artist as Irving Stone hero dies hard; we *expect* our artists to lust for life and wallow in agonies and ecstasies of creativity, and it is difficult to swallow the idea of the artist as a scientifically oriented, rather chilly theoretician who is content to formulate ideas based on physical or mathematical dicta and who leaves them to be carried out by any journeyman artisan. And we also cherish the notion, challenged by many of the new artists, that a work of art is by definition unique and irreplaceable. It may be relevant here to remark that two of the show's young British participants, Gerald Laing and Peter Phillips, recently committed the blasphemy of implying not just that anyone can execute the new art, but that *everyone*, working in collaboration, may be able to handle the conceptual end of the job, too. Two identical pieces—insult added to injury—called "Hybrid," which were supposed to embody the "ideal" contemporary art object, were executed under their direction on the basis of data obtained in a consumer research project involving 137 participants. The accumulated information was then fed into a computer and the finished product worked up from its specifications. That a number of catty types maintained the result was little different stylistically from what Laing and Phillips would have come up with anyway is probably beside the point.

ANOTHER popular notion, that of the artist as a kind of inspired muddler-through who seizes and capitalizes upon the "happy accident"—a notion apotheosized by the swashbucklers of Abstract Expressionism—dies equally hard. Still, it is my impression that the new sculptors, whether wittingly or not, in their attempts to eliminate all trace of accident (the fortuitous spatter, the unplanned but referential form, etc.), are addressing themselves to one of today's more pressing questions: Whether we can, in the interests of self-preservation alone, afford any longer to indulge in improvisation and allow the accidental occurrence to play a significant role in our affairs. It seems to me that these young sculptors, enamored as they may be with the idea of a scientific basis for their art, are deeply troubled by the suicidal, Strangelovesque nature of an advanced technology without absolutely foolproof controls. And if their work is characterized by a quality of looming, ominous stasis and demands recognition on its own terms and no others, shutting off the possibility of evasive action, it may be trying to tell us what it is essential for us to know.

Middling Verdi

ROLAND GELATT

BETWEEN *La Traviata* and *Aïda*—that is, between the ages of forty and fifty-seven—Verdi composed five lengthy and unwieldy operas which at their best are flawed masterpieces and at their worst are tiresome bores. Of the five, the current front runner is clearly *Don Carlo*. During the past decade or so it has been popping up in all the great opera houses of the world, usually in prestigious stagings—for example, Margaret Webster's at the Metropolitan and Luchino Visconti's at Covent Garden. It has also been given several recordings, the latest being a London production under the direction of Georg Solti, with the Royal Opera of Covent Garden and an affluently chosen cast: Renata Tebaldi, Grace Bumbry, Carlo Bergonzi, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, and Nicolai Ghiaurov (London 1432; four discs, mono or stereo). No pains have been spared, either on stage or in the studio, to put *Don Carlo* in the best possible light.

According to most authorities, the work amply deserves this lavish attention. It is true that the influential Francis Toye was rather reserved about its merits in *Giuseppe Verdi: His Life and Works*, published thirty-five years ago. The opera, he

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wrote, commands respect rather than love. Since then, however, *Don Carlo's* stock has been steadily rising, and there is now general agreement that the case for its greatness no longer need be argued.

What follows here, then, is a minority report. Of its importance in the development of Verdi's genius there can be no question. *Don Carlo* leads directly to *Aïda*—in its basic theme (the conflict between private happiness and the public weal), its extension of the aria into a more flexible and "symphonic" dramatic vehicle, its massed choruses and processions, and even in its dramatis personae (the Grand Inquisitor and Ramfis are hieratic brothers under the skin). But to acknowledge stepping-stones is not to proclaim greatness. No matter how often I see *Don Carlo* in the opera house or hear it on records, no matter how diligently I follow the exhortations of its well-wishers, it remains for me a patchy piece.

A MAJOR DIFFICULTY lies in the high expectations that the opera arouses. Verdi never addressed himself to a more imposing or fascinating story. The libretto, based on the drama by Schiller, deals with a maze of private and public conflicts set against a vivid (if sometimes factually shaky) historical background, and it is played by a rich assemblage of characters: Philip II, the dour ruler of Spain; Don Carlo, his vacillating and neurotic son; Don Rodrigo, champion of Flemish liberty in spite of being a confidant of the king; the Grand Inquisitor, ancient and willful, the embodiment of ruthless dogmatism; Elisabetta di Valois, Philip's young French wife, married—for reasons of state—to the father of the man she loves; the Princess Eboli, an aristocratic beauty whose unrequited passion for Carlo turns to blind and destructive fury.

It is apparent that more is involved here than a rugged display of animal passions. There are underlying considerations of church versus state, of liberty versus repression, of personal loyalty versus political duty. And though Verdi's librettists condensed some of these crosscurrents to the most superficial gloss, the broad canvas is there waiting to be illumined.

At times Verdi meets the challenge of his theme. In the first scene of Act III, set in Philip's monastic study, there are long stretches of magnificent music. The king's opening soliloquy, *"Ella giammai m'amò,"* catches to perfection the troubled despair of a haughty but lonely man, and its orchestral accompaniment succinctly conveys the gloomy stillness of a sleepless night. No sooner does Philip finish than the Grand Inquisitor arrives on the scene, his entrance (and later his exit) set to a rumbling, raspy growl from contrabassoons and trombones —the essence of stern implacability. The confrontation of the two men

is masterfully handled, and the brooding intensity of their music lingers long in the memory. Elisabetta, Eboli, and Rodrigo then rush on stage to join Philip in a powerful quartet, and the curtain comes down on Eboli's justly celebrated *"O don fatale."*

If the whole opera maintained the level of this scene, it would indeed be a masterpiece. But it doesn't. At times the music is hackneyed and vulgar (for example, the Act II duet between Carlo and Rodrigo), but more often it is just dull and unmemorable. Nothing will convince me that Carlo's *"Io la vidi"* and Elisabetta's *"Tu che la vanità"* come from Verdi's top drawer or that the drab music of the auto-da-fé scene can compare to the spectacle it accompanies. Too often the composer's inspiration falls short of expectations. The marvel is that four years later he was able to tackle *Aïda* and bring it off with unfaltering mastery.

The new London recording itself falls somewhat short of expectations. Though it is the best-sounding *Don Carlo* on records, with many thrillingly effective moments, the over-all engineering is not up to this company's loftiest standards (as exemplified in its recent *Götterdämmerung*). An occasional fuzziness in the solo voices and a wiry, bodiless quality in the high strings remind us that even the most accomplished technicians can have an off day.

THE CAST too, for all its drawing power in names, leaves something to be desired. Fischer-Dieskau brings intelligence and a keen sense of dramatic pacing to the role of Rodrigo, but his light baritone lacks the requisite thrust and ring, and despite his subtle musicianship he cannot compare with Ettore Bastianini in the earlier DGG recording. Tebaldi is in reasonably good vocal form (this is her first complete opera recording in several years), but she now has to exercise such care in the placing of tones that her phrasing is less nuanced than ever. Hers is a respectable Elisabetta, however, and at least the equal of the recorded competition.

The same can be said for the Eboli, Grace Bumbry, who surprisingly makes more of the "Veil Song" and its flamenco-like melismas than of the rather stridently voiced *"O don fatale."* Bergonzi copes as well as possible with the thankless role of Carlo, and Ghiaurov is magnificent as Philip. To be sure, his competition is formidable, for DGG cast Boris Christoff in the role of Philip. In the early scenes Christoff's more powerful and incisive characterization takes precedence, but by the Act III aria Ghiaurov is thoroughly in stride, and his colloquy with the Grand Inquisitor (sung by a marvelous black-voiced bass from Finland, Martti Talvela) could not be bettered.

All told, there is more to be said for the London recording than for its predecessors, and it has the unique virtue of documenting every note in the score. Whatever one's personal estimate of *Don Carlo,* it is instructive to experience it as its creator intended, without the cuts imposed by tradition and clock-watching impresarios.

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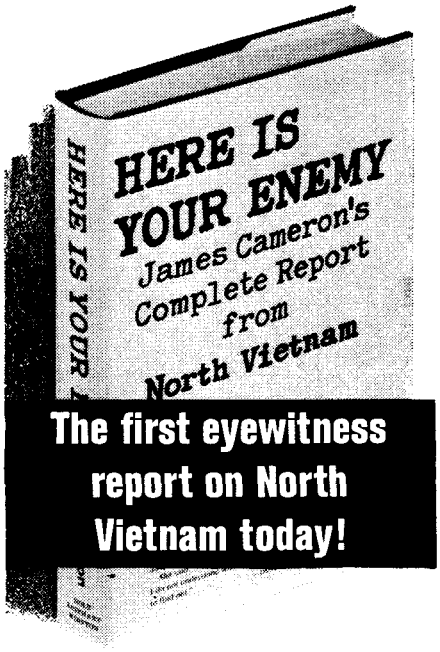
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A Giant Slowly Dying

RICHARD MAYNE

CHURCHILL: TAKEN FROM THE DIARIES OF LORD MORAN. *Houghton Mifflin. $10.*

Beware the man who keeps a diary. Friend or foe, he is the secret ally of posterity; and posterity is often cruel. Harsh remarks and ill-considered judgments, weak jokes, ill temper, gloom—all these are likely to outlive the moments that occasioned them: in a diary, great men are frozen in unworthy postures, caught in the disarray of privacy, undone, disheveled, spent by the public labors that brought them fame. A man must be truly great to survive such bleak exposure; but if he does so, some credit is due to the diarist.

Lord Moran was Winston Churchill's personal physician from 1940 until Churchill's death in 1965. He began as the son of a North Country doctor, and by 1940 his charm and talent had brought him a knighthood and the presidency of the Royal College of Physicians. Eight years younger than Churchill, he became a friend of the family and moved with assurance in the world of England's Establishment. During the war and after, he accompanied his patient on missions and vacations abroad, and attended him constantly both at his London residence and at his country home, seeing him in every mood and in every state of informality—at dinner, at the bezique table, in bed, in the bath. Once Harold Macmillan asked him, "Who will be Winston's Boswell?" Lord Moran may have felt he knew the answer, for all this time he had been taking notes from which, every evening, he wrote out what he could remember of Churchill's conversation. Now he has published them, admitting his readers into startling intimacy with their subject, warts and thrombosis and all.

IN ENGLAND, the publication of this doctor's-eye view of a national hero has aroused a small storm. The *Lancet,* the British doctors' magazine, has rebuked Lord Moran for disclosing clinical details; and other influential journals, including the *Economist* and the *Spectator,* have taken a similar line. Sir Winston's son Randolph has claimed that neither he nor his mother was informed of the plan to publish the diary, and that his mother was refused a prior view of the proofs. Whether or not Sir Winston was aware of the project has also been questioned, and Lord Moran's claim that a doctor's obligation to secrecy concerning his patient is absolute only during the patient's lifetime has equally failed to appease his British critics.

Some of their indignation is easy to understand. If Lord Moran has indeed refused Lady Churchill's express wishes, it ill becomes him to refer to her, as his diary so often does, by her pet name of Clemmie. How close was he, in fact, to some of the others whom he calls by first names or nicknames? What did they think of his views on strategy and politics, at times rather solemnly aired here? How accurate is some of his reporting when he quotes so constantly—and sometimes so awkwardly—in direct speech? Would so fastidious a master of English as Churchill, for example, have said

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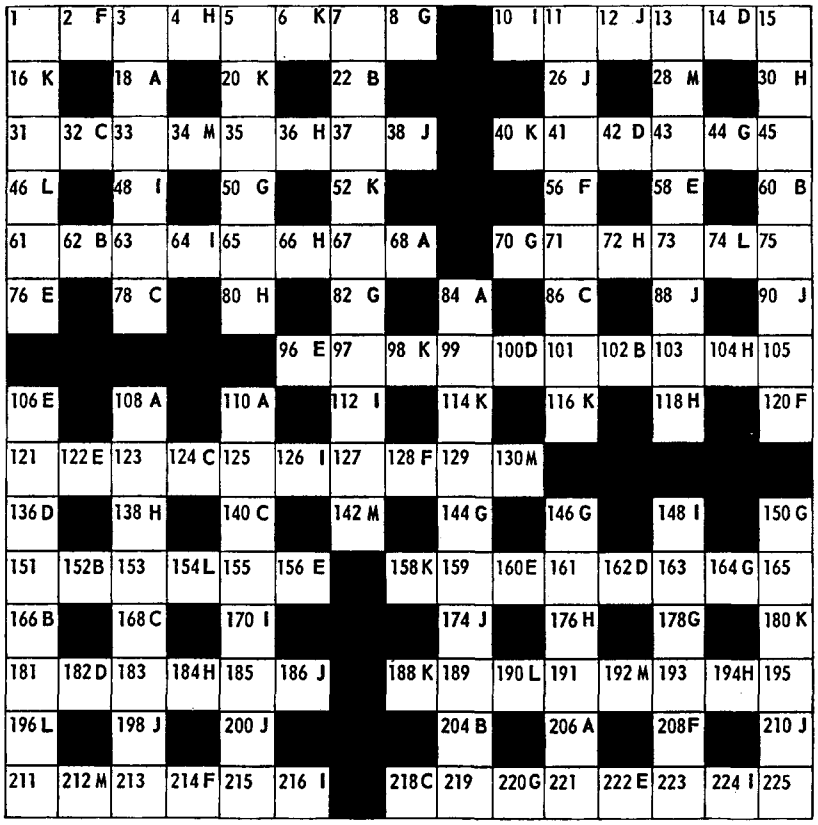
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 149

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A 110 18 68 84 108 206 Kind of hide tent (alt. sp.).

B 166 152 62 60 204 22 102 What a ship will do on leaving port (4,3).

C 218 86 140 124 32 168 78 Slang expression of extreme fatigue (1,2,4).

D 14 42 162 100 182 136 Kind of beetle.

E 156 122 106 96 160 222 58 76 Said of a young person with an engagement for the evening (3,1,4).

F 214 208 2 120 56 128 Kind of wig.

G 146 50 164 144 220 44 8 82 178 70 150 What the government may do about a contract.

H 66 176 4 138 184 118 72 80 36 30 104 194 It might be said that David Niven is ———— actor. (6,1,5).

I 10 112 48 224 64 148 216 126 170 Sign sometimes seen near hospitals or schools (5,4).

J 174 26 12 186 90 38 200 88 210 198 Not highly regarded.

K 16 40 116 20 98 6 52 188 180 158 114 Latin statement of age, used by Boswell in "Life of Samuel Johnson" (7,4).

L 196 154 46 190 74 Region of South Africa.

M 192 28 212 34 142 130 Kind of beard.

ACROSS

1. Group the Acrostician belongs to.
10. Put out snuff!
31. Set Butte in the chemist's apparatus! (4,4).
40. Word polisher rode it hard.
61. Unction is finally correct, they say (4,4).
70. Tracks with mixed tests.
96. Fetching with active broken tart.
121. Radiant vision with young sheep at first (7,3).
151. Phrase for an angel?
158. Bringing forward Mussolini centrally.
181. A slider may be for loafers.
188. Kind of banner with an angle inside.
211. Groats for one's stomach (comb. form).
218. Where those lacking in gratitude put coal?

DOWN

1. Combat the tea table.
3. Let the deists cease.
5. Hear, saint! They're good loathers.
7. When the suite butts the rest, that's ersatz!
11. No ham would do this untraced.
13. Don't Tim and I feel brave? (3,5).
15. Marble tread or difficult measure? (4,4).
84. Hunted down and pureed pony game? (6,4).
106. Kind of attack with a whip to sing about.
108. Led mares to jewels.
110. Mediator or hardener.
146. May be found on a sled, a track, or in the hall.
148. Fanatic sectarian.
150. Piano works to dust with ease.

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The French

"In the lively Cassandra tradition." —Robert Kanters, Figaro litteraire

by Jean-Francois Revel

"No one but a Frenchman could have composed this essay on the French. Rarely, if ever, has any man written about his own country and countrymen with such scorn. And yet the book was widely sold throughout France and even favorably commented on. . . . A brilliant book, replete with flashing insights, provocative paradoxes, and acrid wit. Revel describes France as one might imagine Lucifer discoursing on faith, Sade dissecting love, or Machiavelli analyzing the personality and leadership qualities of Joan of Arc. . . . Those deeply concerned about French society today will find Revel a most useful stimulant to thought and debate. – David Schoenbrun, *Saturday Review.* **$4.00**

Africa's Search for Identity

"One of the most lucid cultural histories of Africa to date." —Modern Africa

by Victor C. Ferkiss

"This book deserves more than ordinary attention. Victor C. Ferkiss, professor of government at Georgetown University, does two very brave and difficult things: he first incarnates Africa–bringing its past to life and fleshing out its present; he then lays it on the 'couch,' baring its psyche and showing how it feeds on its wounds–those inflicted by its own hand no less than those received in battery and assault by outsiders. No part of Africa lies outside the scope of his inquiry. He talks with equal familiarity of archeology and urbanization; of slavery and the Soviet Union; neo-colonialism and national independence; of political institutions, economic structures, nonalignment and *negritude.*"– George H. T. Kimble, *New York Times.* **$6.50**

George Braziller
Publisher, New York

"if a man voluntarily wants"? And what was Lord Moran's real status in the household? If he was a true friend of the family, did he not at least try to win its consent to his publishing the diary? Faced with such unanswered questions, British readers wonder whether Lord Moran's book should be classed with the memoirs of royal nursemaids or whether it really compares with Boswell.

AMERICAN readers will have fewer doubts. Medical bulletins that in Britain would induce hilarity or nausea have long told all about U.S. Presidents. Official documents that in Whitehall would be locked away for thirty (once for fifty) years are published in Washington while their subject matter—like the temper of some of those involved—is still warm. And revelations by men in high places seem far more common in the United States than in Britain, where some purists even objected to Churchill's and Eden's use of government papers when compiling their memoirs. Although Lord Moran's literary personality may inspire some misgivings, what counts is posterity's heartless question: How much does this book add to the understanding of Churchill and his times? My answer is—quite a lot.

Much of it is on the level of anecdotes. At Teheran, Churchill and Stalin grew quite convivial: "I wish," the British ambassador later told Lord Moran, "we had a record of what was said, that people might know what piffle great men sometimes talk." Well, now we do. From Yalta, Potsdam, Washington, and Chequers, the diary picks up like a tape recorder some of those pungent comments which escape official histories: doubts cast by Churchill on Eden, hard words on French vacillation over the European Defense Community, a cynical comment on the real value of the six-nation Western European Union.

Sometimes the comments are discerning. On President Truman: "He is a man of immense determination. He takes no notice of delicate ground, he just plants his foot down firmly on it." On Syngman Rhee: "America is very powerful, but very clumsy." Sometimes Churchill is disarmingly scapegrace: "I have lived seventy-eight years without hearing of bloody places like Cambodia"; sometimes he seems to speak from another world: "I was brought up in that state of civilization when it was everywhere accepted that men are born unequal. I have always had a manservant." Sometimes, too, Lord Moran's own reflections and reports are illuminating. At Yalta and Potsdam he watched from the sidelines, gleaning information from those better placed; but at times, as when he describes the attempt to heal the Greek civil war, he paints portraits of the protagonists that make one wish his sharp eye had been closer to more important confrontations.

THE MAIN BURDEN of the book, however, is the melancholy story of a giant slowly dying. In some respects, it echoes a greater decline—the shift in world power which gradually removed Great Britain from the fulcrum of international affairs. In Moscow in 1942, furious with Stalin, Churchill asked rhetorically: "Did he not realize who he was speaking to? The representative of the most powerful empire the world has ever seen." Two years later, trying to make Great Britain, the United States, and the Soviet Union see eye to eye, he still felt, "We can settle everything, we three, if we come together."

But by the 1950's, the peace had gone sour, and Churchill—in Lord Moran's words—grieved "that England in her fallen state can no longer address America as an equal, but must come, cap in hand, to do her bidding." To his credit, Churchill realized this situation earlier than most of his compatriots, just as he had realized that the Russians were not to be trusted and that Germany must be readmitted to the family of European nations. But by that time he himself could no longer do much to help.

In painful but necessary detail, Lord Moran describes the repeated blows that shook Churchill's physical constitution, from the heart attack in Washington in 1941 to the successive strokes that at the last reduced him to a nightmare figure waiting for death—"But death won't come." His resistance was astonishing, as it was in those last long days of coma in January, 1965. He clung

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to office, not from ambition but from a sense of duty; yet the subterfuges, the drugs, and the careful public appearances grew more and more painful to witness—the more so as Churchill was aware that his brain was being blanched by lack of blood.

To read of this is distressing, but no one who has had to face these realities in his own life can feel that they belittle Churchill. And Lord Moran's words convince us in the end that his feeling for Churchill goes far beyond either facile veneration or a cheap desire to expose him. He knew his faults, as did others—capriciousness, remoteness from ordinary people except at supreme moments, and uncertain judgment of men; but he also knew the great heart that had turned a shy, victimized schoolboy into the embodiment of a nation's stubborn courage, and the real modesty behind it all. Those who were in England in 1940 can still not forget that tremendous voice, drowning the din of the Luftwaffe overhead. "It was the nation and the race dwelling all around the globe," said Churchill afterwards, "that had the lion's heart. I had the luck to be called upon to give the roar." But without the roar, where would the lion have been? For what Winston Churchill was in 1940, most people will forever forgive his foibles. They will see in Lord Moran's work not a disfigurement but a deeper vindication of the man whom they owe so much.

Tammany Hall, Spain, etc.

SAREL EIMERL

BETWEEN THE LINES, by Dan Wakefield. *New American Library. $5.95.*

Journalists are shadowy figures. One may recognize the byline of a distinguished reporter but the man himself remains hidden. Even when his face appears, as in the case of a television journalist, the man's private opinions remain unconfessed. Does David Brinkley normally vote for Democrats or Walter Cronkite for Republicans, as I suspect? One can only offer a guess, and it can never be better than a guess, on the basis of a careful and protracted attempt to read between the lines.

This situation exists because of the convention that reporters should keep their views to themselves. If a journalist wants to offer opinions, so that system goes, then he must elect himself to the rank of pundit. Now it can be argued that the convention is a good thing because it helps to sustain public confidence in the objectivity of the press. It can also be argued that the whole concept of objectivity is a myth anyway, and that people would be better able to evaluate a journalist's reports if they knew what kind of man he is and what he thinks about the information he is dispensing.

IT IS this latter conviction that has prompted the free-lance journalist Dan Wakefield to adopt the novel approach of reprinting some of his best articles and interpolating a commentary, added later, in which he writes about himself and about his attitude to the subjects he has covered. The commentary opens with a withering philippic against the editorial "we," and throughout the book Wakefield continues his attack against the tradition of impersonal journalism, against its pretense to omniscience and other assorted dishonesties.

" 'Tension is running high in the Village,' " he writes in mocking parody. "Could a man sit down sober and write, 'Yesterday I saw tension running high in the Village?' It seems unlikely." How much better, he suggests, to tell the truth: " 'Yesterday in the Village I saw two teenagers throw stones at a cop, and the bartender told me there were more drunks in the place last night than he had ever seen.' "

Clearly, anyone who argues in favor of a more personal journalism has an obligation to reveal himself, and Wakefield meets that obligation with what appears to be an honest self-portrait. He describes the background of the journalist-to-be: idealistic and ill-informed, fearful and curious, eager to climb the social ladder, and a howling Indiana provincial. "When my family

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and friends in Indianapolis heard I was going to Israel," he reports, "they wondered first where it was, and then what it was."

This is splendid stuff. But I think his commentary is less effective than he presumably hoped it would be, very largely because it is so far outshone by the articles it escorts.

During the past ten years, I must have read about eight magazines a week, and this toilsome labor provides my authority for asserting that I do not believe there is any journalist, with the exception of Alistair Cooke, now alive and writing in English who could rival this collection. I cannot, to begin with, think

of anyone else who could match Wakefield's range. Journalism has fallen prey to the modern curse of specialization, and the great mass of journalists are as restricted in the subjects they deal with as professors. Some specialize in politics, subdivided into municipal, national, and international. Others specialize in sports or travel, or the arts, subdivided into books, plays, movies, music, and the dance. Still others specialize in science or education or personalities. Wakefield seems able to specialize in practically anything. He has written about Tammany Hall and drugs, about Spain and Spanish Harlem, about poetry and sports and women and murder trials, about the efforts of charitable organizations to help the poor, and the efforts of the rich to help themselves. And he seems to cover every subject with equal mastery.

How does he manage it? Obviously he is blessed with a more eager and catholic curiosity than most of us, and also with a formidable capacity for research. His article on marijuana, buttressed by several weeks of reading in a medical library, told me more about drugs than I'd learned from reading at least half a dozen other articles. But

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Solution to

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Puzzle #148

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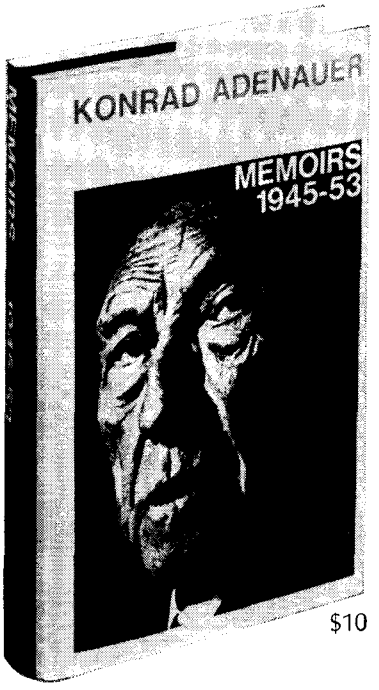
Acrostician—

JULIE ANDREWS



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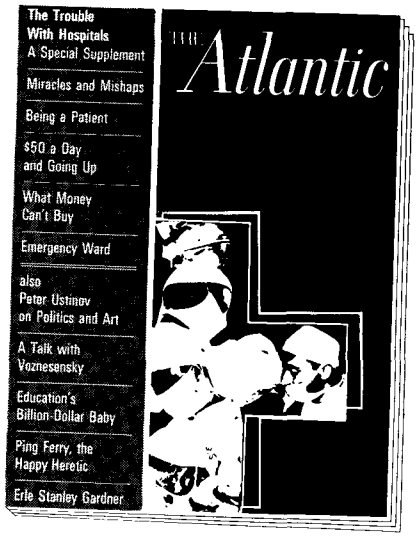

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I suspect that the best explanation for his range is that there are so many Wakefields. All of us, it might be said, are many-faceted beings. But most people, and undoubtedly most reporters, apply only a very few of those facets to their work. Even our most distinguished journalists speak always with the same voice because, I suppose, they approach every subject with the same mental attitude. Norman Podhoretz, for example, is always analyzing what people do; Walter Lippmann is always telling them what to do; and Dwight Macdonald is always telling them what's wrong with what they have done. Wakefield manages to be more flexible. His approach and his reactions vary according to the subject very much as one might react differently to Scotland and Tahiti. This comparison to travel is relevant because Wakefield approaches each subject as if he is venturing on a voyage of discovery. And, as he proceeds, he carries the reader with him, making him feel that he too is learning the facts, absorbing the atmosphere, and meeting the people.

Wakefield is a conscientious reporter, careful to describe precisely what he sees and hears. But he also reacts emotionally to his material and with a wide range of emotions. He is indignant when experiencing —and I use the word deliberately in preference to "describing"—racism in the Deep South or unemployment in Appalachia. He is mockingly amused by the sight of Jack Kerouac making an ass of himself in a night club. He is moved by a strike of sadly underpaid hospital employees, and irritated by the self-righteousness of so many liberal reformers. And when he writes about the search for love in Salinger's stories, you can feel that he is conducting his own similar or related search.

I do not think that Wakefield deliberately alters his style to suit his subject—I think he just tries to write what he feels should be written as well as he can—but he gets so involved with his material that his style tends to adapt to it unconsciously, as a man shifts his weight to keep his balance on a heaving deck. When he is describing the hills and plains and dust of the Negev Desert, the sentences are clipped, the phrases short and sharp. When he is probing into the meaning of Salinger's stories or the appeal of Yeats to college students, the sentences are longer and the syntax more complex, as befits a literary essay. But his style always remains free of cant and cliché. He does not spatter his prose with big but empty words like "wondrous" or "marvelous" or "exquisite," in the manner of Emmet Hughes or T. H. White; or write, like Joseph Alsop, of "the hard truth" as distinguished from the soft truth, or just the truth. Wakefield's style is honest, as Orwell's was honest, because he never tries to con the reader by attempting to make what he writes sound more important or grave or exciting than it really is. He sticks to the reporter's proper job, which is to find out and explain what is going on, and why, and what it means. And as he approaches enlightenment, so does the reader.

ALL THIS is possible because, in addition to his natural talents, Wakefield writes as an individual, subject to the normal human emotions and frailties. He has had the wit and the courage to break clear of the hallowed and stale tradition which insists that journalists should write like disembodied spirits, discharging facts with about as much feeling and sensitivity to language as the voice which tells you that Flight 724 is now boarding. There could be no more convincing evidence for his arguments in favor of a more personal journalism than his own achievement, and I offer teachers of journalism a suggestion that might help to raise the general level of the craft. I recommend that they stop mouthing their hoary maxims, such as "Always put the main facts of a story into the lead paragraphs," presumably on the assumption that the reader will be so bored by the lead that he won't bother to look further. Instead they should hand out copies of this book and tell their students to try to imitate Wakefield's techniques. At the very least, that would have the effect of showing the students how much there is to learn. I certainly feel indebted to the author for valuable professional instruction, and also for an evening of undiluted pleasure.

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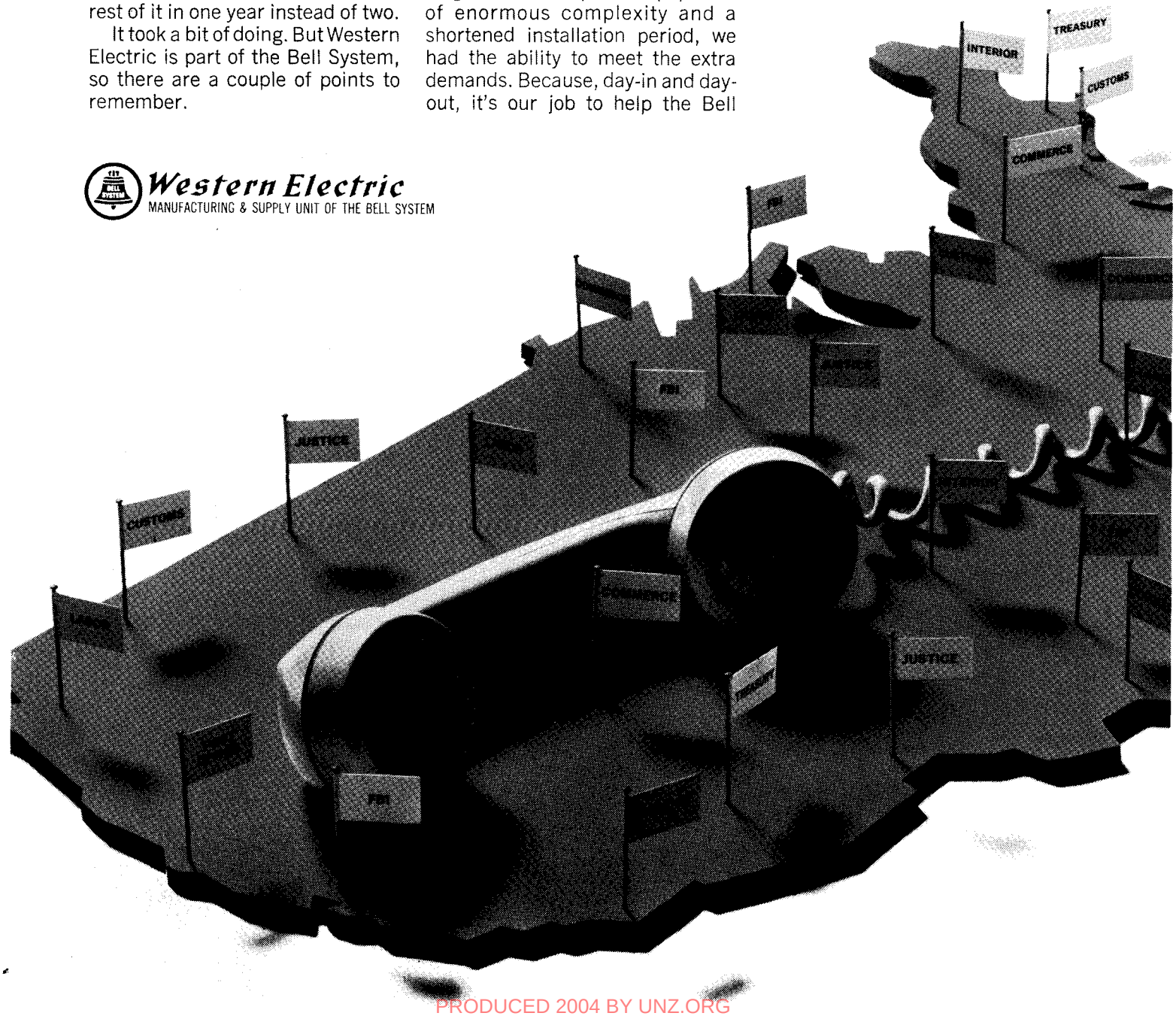

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